

When I first came to Buck's Rock, I didn't know which shops to choose. Ceramics? Too messy. Glass Blowing? Too hot. Bargello? Not! Besides the fact that it smelled like my grandmother, the Costume Shop was the place for me. It was great to see everyone work so hard. Besides putting together costumes for the counselors to wear while serving Saturday night dinners, the Costume Shop designed outfits for evening activities and shows.

Down at Costume we are like one big family. I even work too, and without pay. And the only bad thing that ever happened to me at the Costume Shop was that I broke a nail. So even though it smells funny there when it's a hot day, it's a cool place to be. And when no one's around, we get to play dress-up!

Monique Lebowitz



Photo by Ilana C. Solmon

Costume

SET CONSTRUCTION

At set construction in 1990,
we made your plays fun to see.
We built scenes out of nails and wood,
just like the set crew always should.

A guy named Bob Harper designs it all,
whatever it is, big or small.
Then we build it, and paint it too.
It could be yellow, green or blue.

Then someone named Brian Munroe
makes sure things don't go too slow.
He supervises all of us,
and when we sit in the pits, he makes a fuss.

Then Nellinda Lewis and Peter Kelly
start the work and get real smelly
While Aara Kupris and Evan Thayer,
finish it off, layer by layer.

So Set Construction really is neat.
It helps you get right on your feet.
Come to work and stay awhile;
we will surely make you smile.

Molly Bloom

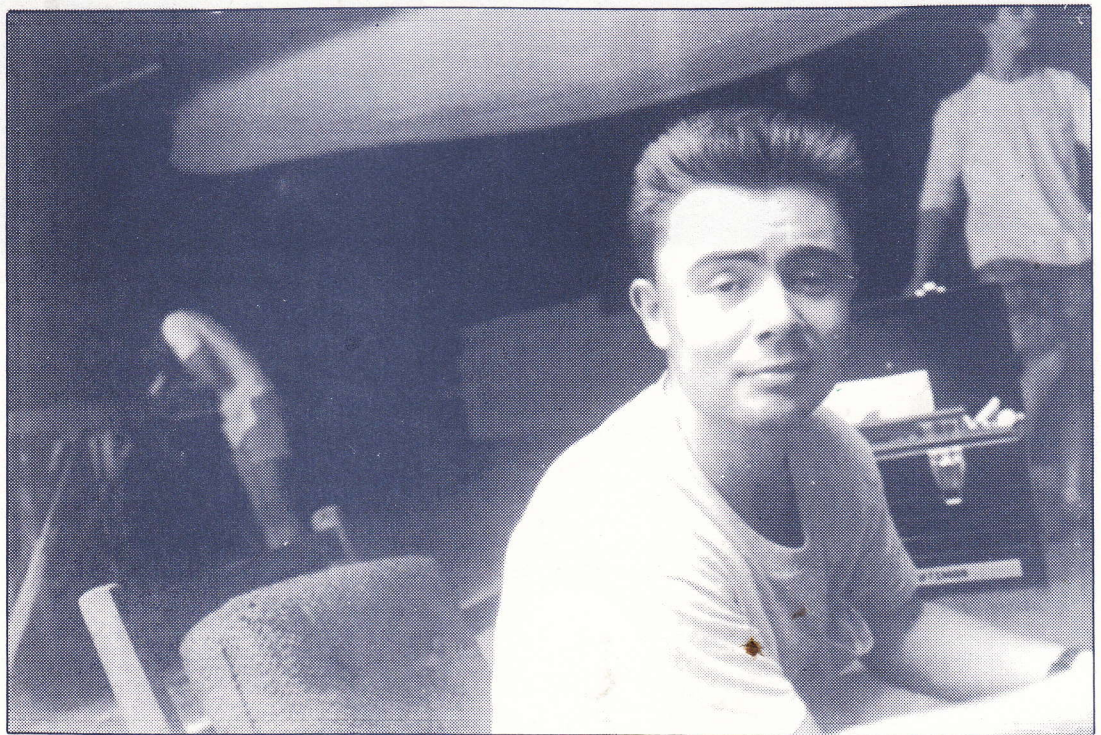
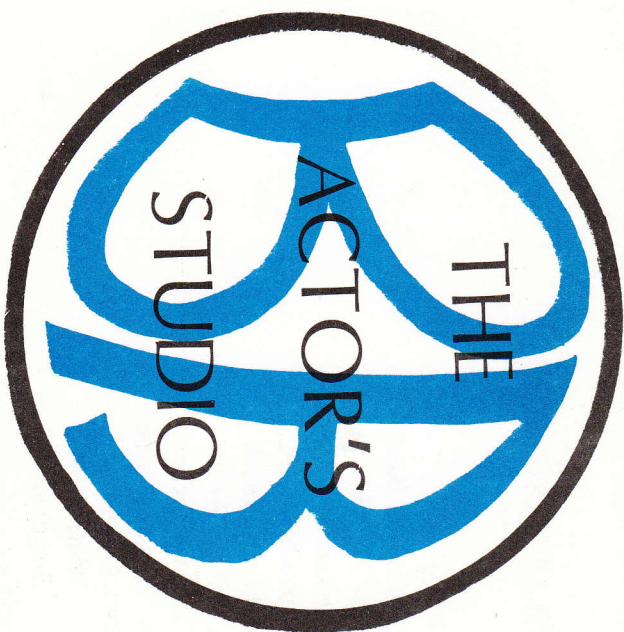


Photo by Ali Aron

Set Construction



Staff Photos



**THAT'S
ABSURD**

PRESENTS

THAT'S ABSURD (eb surd', ab-; -zurd')
adj [Fr. absurde < L. *absurdus*, not to be heard of < *ab-*, intense + *surdus*, dull, deaf, insensible] so clearly true or unreasonable as to be laughable or ridiculous.
-ab surd' ly adv, ab surd' ness n.
SYN - absurd means laughable, inconsistent with what is judged true or reasonable.

Saturday

July 7

1990

AN EVENING OF WORKS BY:

Ionesco [Eugene]

Marx [Groucho]

Stoppard [Tom]

Firesign Theatre [The]

A BUCK'S ROCK PUBLICATION

NEW MILFORD, CT 06776

THAT'S ABSURD

Directed by Scott Clare
Assistant Director: Carolyn Bauer JC
Stage Manager: Amy J. Budd
Scenic Designer: Robert Alan Harper
Lighting Design: Luke Miller JC
Sound Design: Joseph Osterneck
General Manager: John J. Aron
Costume Design: Danny Glicker
Technical Director: Brian Munroe
Sound crew: Adam Segal
Matt Chase
Jonathan Rubin
Technical Crew: Nellinda Lewis
Peter Kelly
Aara Kupris JC
Evan Thayer CIT

Light board operator: Jason Baumgarten

Costume Staff: Julia I. Collins
Debbie Gamble
Julie Scott
Stephanie Segal
Danny Glicker

Master electrician: Jason Baumgarten

Make-up: Stephanie Segal

LSD crew: Larry Levine JC

Director's note: Dedicated to the memory of Jack Guilford and
Sammy Davis Jr.... Enjoy!

The Lesson

Professor.....Charles McWade
Pupil.....Gillian Pachter
Maid.....D'Arcy Harrison

A Night at the Opera

Driftwood.....Jesse Bonderman
Forello.....Nicholas Mazonowicz

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead

Rosencrantz.....Thea Shoulson
Guildenstern.....Ethan Ubell

Waiting for the Electrician or Someone Like Him

P.....Matt Peterson
Ensemble.....Michael Copeland
Jessica Dee
Karen Goldstein
David Iserson
Rachel Korowitz
Jason Mark
Derek Milman
Wendy Rein
David Sandford
Dani Snyder

Special thanks to: Bob & Kate, Stan & Marlene,
Marilyn & Ed, Ernst, the office staff, the kitchen,
and, of course, The Loveable Pub

Cover:

Design by Scott Clare
Art & Layout by Jason Herschkowitz
Printed by Ian Jackson

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead was directed by:
Carolyn Bauer JC

A BUCK'S ROCK PUBLICATION

NEW MILFORD, CT 06776

Special Thanks:

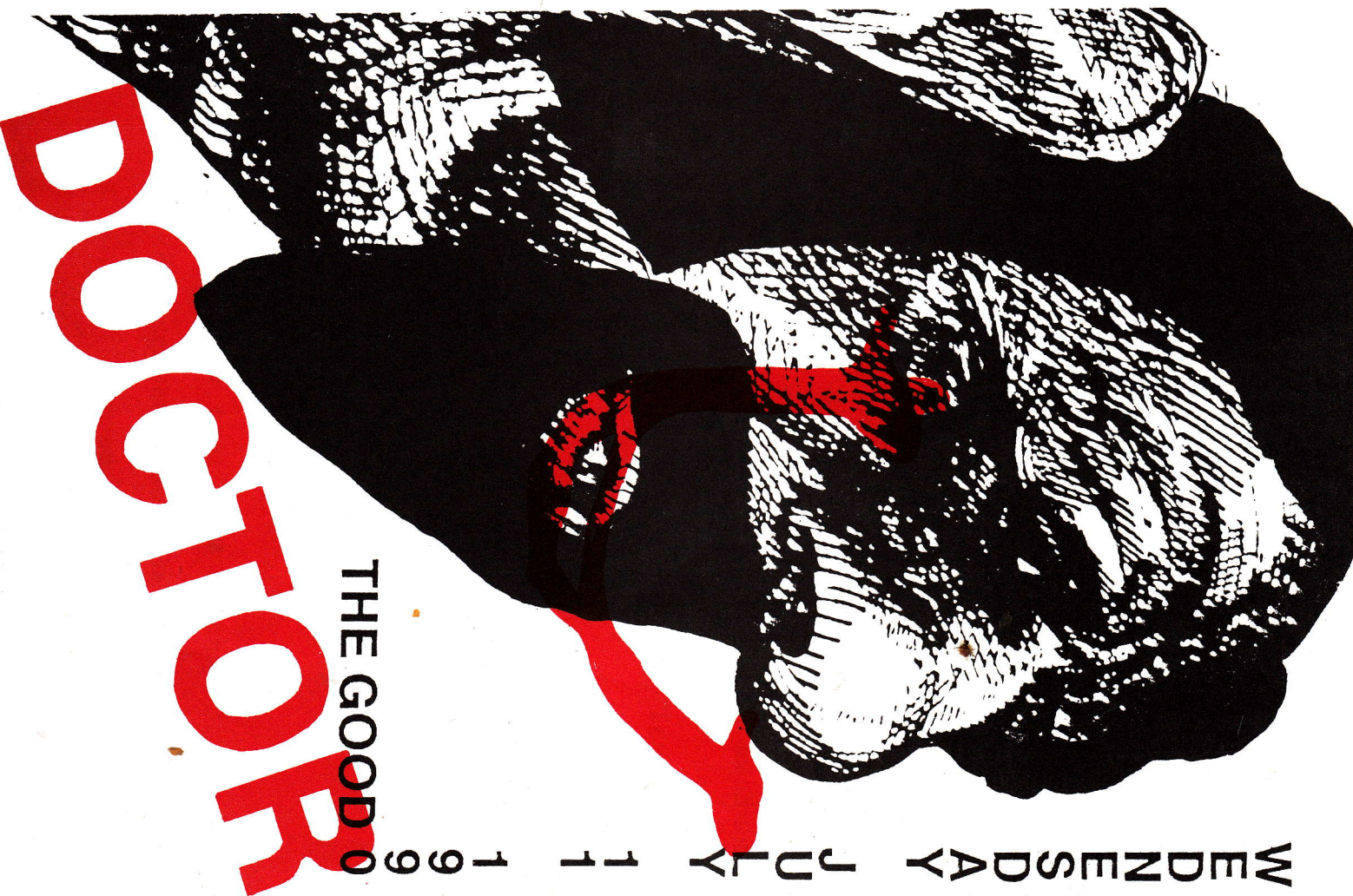
Fred Yockers, Josh Weinstein (Clown Consultants), Erica Babad, The Kitchen Staff, The Office, The dispensary, The Pub Shop, and especially to Kate and Bob Harper for their love and collaboration.



Staff Photo

Cover:

Design and layout by Jennifer Currie
& Amy Aschoff
Printed by Bob Dicke



WEDNESDAY JULY 11 1990
THE GOOD
DOCTOR

Cast

The Good Doctor
by Neil Simon

Directed by Wendy Kaufman
Assistant Director: Leah Beth Reisman JC
Stage Manager: Charlie Alterman CIT

Technical Director: Brian P. Munroe

Set Design: Aara Kupris JC

Lighting Design: Larry Levine JC
Lighting Supervisor: Charles Kaiser

Sound Design: Adam Segal
Jonathan Rubin
Matt Chase

Costume Design: Julie Scott
Danny Glicker JC

Technical Crew: Nellinda Lewis
Peter Kelly
Aara Kupris JC
Evan Thayer CIT
Jason Baumgarten

Light Board Operator: Jason Baumgarten

Costume Staff: Julia Collins
Debi Gamble
Julie Scott
Stephanie Segal
Danny Glicker JC
Suzanne Ayres
Michael Handler

Makeup: Stephanie Segal and Matt Peterson

Master Electrician: Jason Baumgarten

L.S.D. Crew: Larry Levine JC
Luke Miller JC

The Writer - Josh Trauner
The Sneeze
Ivan Ilyitch Cherdyakov - Charlie Alterman
Sonya Cherdyakov - Emily MacNamara
General Mikhail Brassilhov - Eric Rosenfield
Madame Brassilhov - Lisa Sklar

The Governess
Julia - Lauren Myers
Mistress - Allegra Baider

Surgery
The Sexton - Gregg Licht
Kuryatin - Jesse Bonderman

The Seduction
Peter Semyonich - Charlie McWade
Husband - Zack Brown
Wife - Molly Small

The Drowned Man
Sailor - Sarah Borch
Policeman - Alicia Horowitz

The Audition
Nina Mikhailovna Zarechnaya - Keri Chaimowitz
Director - Amanda Stein

A Defenseless Creature
Woman - Rachel Burk
Kistunov - Jena Axelrod
Pochatkin - Marshall Heyman

A Quiet War
Girl - Nicole Dupree
Boy - Farell Sklerov
Time: Early 1900's

Director's Note:
"We shall not cease from exploration,
At the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
T.S. Eliot

For the beginning of my first season at Buck's
Rock. Wendy

Director's Note: Ms. Treadwell wrote this play in the mid 1920's. It was produced in New York in 1928 and was closed immediately by the New York critics because of its feminist content. The *confinement* of women's energies, creativity and intelligence must be stopped. We must be allowed to follow our inner journey toward *freedom*. I am grateful to have the opportunity and the forum to have my voice heard. Long live freedom of choice.

Kate

Special thanx, as always, to Richard and Bill, Wendy Kaufman, Scott Claire, the *Loveable Pub*, the kitchen, Agostino, Josh Danzig, Sam Mazzarella, Stan Simon, Jamie Martino, and Gus from Glassblowing.



Seth Gitner

Cover design and layout by Andy McDowell
 Inside design and layout by Suzie Watts, Amy Isikoff, and Josh Berson
 Printed by Ian Jackson



MACHINAL

Directed by Kate Harper
Set Design by Robert Alan Harper
Lighting Design by Charles R. Kaiser
Sound Design by John Aron and Joseph Osterneck
Costume Design by Julia L. Collins
Technical Director: Brian Munroe
Stage Manager: Kelly Kniffin
Asst. Director: Sara Zimbard
Light Board Operator: Matt Chase
Sound Board Operator: Gabe Eber

Master Carpenters: Peter Kelly
Aara Kupris, JC
Nellinda Lewis
Costumers: Debbie Gamble
Danny Glicker, JC
Julie Scott
Stephanie Segal
Lighting and Sound Staff: Larry Levine, JC
Luke Miller, JC
Stuart Thomas
Make up: Stephanie Segal
Hallie Mohel, CIT
Staci Lichterman
Lisa Sklar

Lighting and Sound Crew: Jonathan Rubin
Adam Segal
Jason Baumgarten
Costume Crew: Matt Peterson, CIT
Hallie Mohel
Staci Lichterman
Jason Baumgarten
Dan Goldson
Josh Levin
Evan Thayer, CIT
Nick Mazonowicz
Running Crew: Evan Thayer
Thea Shoulson
Dan Goldson
Jason Baumgarten
Josh Levin
Nick Mazonowicz
Molly Bloom
Scrim Painting: Aara Kupris
Molly Bloom
James Dupree
Gayle Hegland
Laura Van Rosk
Whitney Lawson
& Art Studio campers

The Cast (in order of appearance)

Adding Clerk/Reporter.....	Matt Peterson
Filing Clerk/Woman on Crutches.....	Sahar Mitchell
Stenographer.....	Nina Wolarsky
Telephone Girl.....	Jessica Meyer
Husband.....	Michael Praywes
Young Woman.....	Rebecca Hart
Mother/Court Reporter.....	Valerie Tocci
Bellboy/Policeman/Reporter.....	Noah Tarnow
Nurse.....	Emily Gitter
Doctor/Lawyer for Prosecution.....	David Gilbert
Lover.....	Alex Korahais
Another Man/Lawyer for Defense.....	Ari Bassin
Man/Judge.....	Max Frev
Boy.....	Andrew Gaines
Man.....	Evan Thayer
Woman/Reporter.....	Blair Sachs
Waitress.....	Ona Magaro
Bartender/Baliff.....	Matt Wolff
Priest.....	Josh Seelig

MUSIC SHED

Hilary F. W.

BOOKS ROCK 1990



Gabe Eber

INAUGURAL INAUGURAL
concert
July 16

**Buck's Rock Music Department
Presents:**

Buck's Rock Brass Ensemble

Marc Adlam, conductor/director

La Mourisque- Tylman Susato

Equali- Beethoven

Pavane Battaille- Tylman Susato

Buck's Rock Chorus

Richard White, conductor/director

Nigun Bialik- arr. A.W. Binder

Old Abram Brown- arr. Britten

Ain't Got the Time To Die- Spiritual

Ave Verum Corpus- Mozart

Ride the Chariot- Spiritual

*soloists-*Becka Sibrack, CIT; Sally Nef

Buck's Rock Jazz Band

Susan Winthrop, conductor/director

Down the Road- Nestico

trombone solo- Jeff Samuels

Brown Suede- Nestico

trumpet solo- Beth Weisman

Rock Candy- Nestico

trombone solo- Josh Trauner, CIT

Most Royal Count- Nestico

trombone solo- Jeff Samuels

Buck's Rock Acapella Group- Sharp Cheddar-

Erika Blumberg, director

Shop Around- Lovin' Spoonful

soloists- Jessica Meyer, Matt Peterson

On Broadway- The Drifters

soloists- Beth Rule, Carolyn Bauer, Dani Marcus

Love the One Your With- Stephen Stills

soloists- Amy Budd, Paige Chabora

(arrangements- Erika Blumberg)

Buck's Rock Improv Workshop

Susan Winthrop, director

Original Improvisation-Darren Andes, JC (art)

Buck's Rock Orchestra

Richard White, conductor/director

Pavanne- Faure

Water Music- Handel

1. Entree

2. Menuet

3. Loure

4. Gigue

5. Air (Pas de Deux)

6. Choro

7. Menuet

8. Hornpipe

Symphony #88 (Finale)- Haydn

Brass Group

Trumpet

Josh Donough
Richard White
Jesse Farber

French Horn

Beth Weisman

Euphonium

Josh Trauner, CIT

Trombone

Jeff Samuels
Zach Lutwick
Josh Trauner, CIT
Mark Adlam

Chorus

Soprano

Sally Neff
Elizabeth Stein
Jessica Dee
Becca Sibrack, CIT

Tenor

Frank A. Gosar

Alto

Erika Blumberg
Paige Chabora
Helen Belton
Naomi Bernstein

Bass

Ethan Ubell
Josh Trauner, CIT
Mark Adlam

Accompanist -- Jayne Belton

Jazz Band

Bass

Ben Lapides

Guitar

Sam Newcombe

Alto Sax

Alex Saltzman
Zach Lehrhoff
Rennie Jaffe

Tenor Sax

Susan Winthrop

Trumpet

Richard White
Beth Weisman
John McDorough

Trombone

Jeff Samuels
Josh Trauner, CIT
Zach Lutwick

Piano

Hillary Frank

Percussion

Adam Pierce

Improv Group

Soprano

Dani Marcus
Liz Stein, JC
Sally Neff

Tenor

Rebecca Hart, CIT
Steve Ansell
Amy Budd

Alto

Jessica Meyer, CIT
Paige Chabora
Beth Rule, CIT
Carolyn Bauer, JC

Bass

Charlie Alterman, CIT
Matt Peterson, CIT

Sharp Cheddar

Guitar

Sam Newcombe
Darren Andes
Jason Shyer

Bass Guitar

Eli Simon

Drums

Adam Pierce

Orchestra

Violins

Jaime Lester
Lisa Rabinowitz
Naomi Bernstein
Jennifer Chu
Dan Walinsky
Cindi Chen
Gillian Pachter

Cello

Xiao Jun Wang
Lisa Rabinowitz

Flute

Rebecca Sgan-Cohen
Helen Belton

Clarinet

Paige Davis
Susan Winthrop

Viola

Erika Grumet

Trumpet

John McDonough

Trombone

Mark Adlam
Josh Trauner, CIT

Piano

Erika Blumberg

Timpani

Dan Harper

French Horn

Beth Weisman

Special thanks to Hillary Frank for designing our 1990 Music Shed Logo, Frank Gosar for using his rest hour to sing with the chorus, Al the baker, Becca Sebrack, CIT, and the Loveable Pub Shop.



Allegra Boverman



FRUIT Mixed IN A LESSON

6/8 81 K7NR

Dance Staff: Sarah Greenlaw, Carol Schneider, Carolyn Aibel, Rachel Slater, Addie Male, Nadine Robins, Benjamin Schachter, Lauren Wolfe

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Ed & Marilyn, Stan & Marlene, Ernst, Pub (especially Ian, who was challenged), Amy & Photo Shop, Costume Shop, Silkscreen, Maintenance, Jamie the House Counselor, the Octagon, Zephyr Hill, the Disco, the Mousetrap and the Soccer Field



Marnie Goodfriend

A BUCK'S ROCK PRODUCTION 1990
NEW MILFORD, CT 06776

INFORMANCE 1990

DRAGNET

Choreographer: Carol Schneider

Music: Art of Noise

Performers: Jennifer Albano, Vanessa Bartico, Sara Bursac, Nicole Dupree, Hanah Goodman, Alix Mann, Jessie Martin, Emily McNamara, Margot Schulman

THE TIME BEFORE WE MET

Choreographer: Carol Schneider

Music: Coltrane, Arranged by David Balakrishnan

Performers: Jason Fellerman, Addie Male, Benjamin Schachter

A NIGHT AT EDITH'S

A Collaborative Creation by the CIT's & JC's from the Clown, Dance and Theatre Studios

SEPARATE ENTITIES

Choreographers and Performers: Rachel Burk, Vanessa Richards

Music: Peter Gabriel

Improvisation - A MOMENT FOR MIME

Choreographer: Erica Babad

THE COURTS OF ARTHUR

Choreographer: Sarah Greenlaw

Music: Purcell

Performers: Carolyn Aibel, Nadine Robins, Alexis Salaman, Melissa Santore

RHYTHM NATION

Choreographer and Performer: Emily McNamara

Music: Janet Jackson

FRUIT PUNCH

The result of goofing around together in the studio fifteen minutes a day, by Sarah and Carol

NOT MY BABY

Choreographer: Sarah Greenlaw

Music: The Judds

Performers: Benjamin Schachter, Margot Schulman, Rachel Slater, Lauren Wolfe

OF CORFU

Choreographer: Carol Schneider

Music: Brahms Symphony No. 3

Performers: Carolyn Aibel, Vanessa Bartico, Vanessa Grajwer, Addie Male, Nadine Robins, Margot Schulman, Rachel Slater, Lauren Wolfe, Eva Zasloff

CT, 06776

**THE FACE, NECK
and FORM!**



The Nature Co.
41 West 24th Street, New York
Suite 5.
WOMEN SPECIALISTS IS CHARGED.

Cover Design

**& Layout
By Andy
McDowell**

Hello, my name is Josh
 and this is my story and
 there are many people in this
 shop with me tonight well
 actually, that's not true
 because there's only one
 other person in here and we
 need some capitals So how
 we got Awth asome cakpitals
 and t his is getting allsercwy
 ;asdfj;asd there are aothers
 in here and they are talking
 a nd walking out and this is
 really, really, rela boating
 boring;Borjng;Ba;asdfja Josh

really, really, rela boring
boringBoriana; Ba;asd fja

**Printed
By Ian
Jackson**

Josh Josh Andy McDowell has raised. Hello, this is no longer my toy; it's sadist filler and his tie it doesn't have to make sense as long as it looks like acceptable fluff for a newspaper "fluff." Hello, I ask how are we today???

Purity Books



TO MEN By CLYDE A. WATTS, Ph.D.
What a Young Boy Ought to Know.
What a Young Man Ought to Know.
What a Young Husband Ought to Know.
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know.
TO WOMEN By THE LARRY WATTS, M.D.
What a Young Girl Ought to Know.
What a Young Woman Ought to Know.
What a Young Wife Ought to Know.
What a Young Wife Ought to Know.

Post Office Address: 10171 North Philadelphia, Pa.
10171 North Philadelphia, Pa.

VIR PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

THIN, NERVOUS PEOPLE

[illegible]

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

The Bucks Times

VOL. CXXXIX... No. 48.285

THURSDAY, JULY 19 1990

40 CENTS

**ACTOR'S STUDIO
PRESENTS:**

**Are You Now
Or Have You
Ever Been**

by Eric Bentley

Next, Mr. Vigna was describing the youths as "rambunctious." Mr. Joseph was on his feet again. "It's an English word," answered Justice Galligan sharply. As Mr. Joseph sat down again, the words "rambunctious" and "gang" seemed to hang in the air in State Supreme Court in Manhattan.

Soon it was Mr. Rivera's turn with the witness. What kind of bike had Mr. Vigna been riding that night? Hadn't it been an expensive, custom-designed racing bike, the lawyer suggested, and hadn't Mr. Vigna been worried about it as he saw the black and Hispanic youths approaching?

The witness gave the lawyer the answer he wanted. And then he gave the lawyer the answer he did not want as well. Yes, he acknowledged, he had been worried about the \$1,500 bike. "And my well-being, too," he added.

After long media exposure, most defense lawyers pay special attention to the nonverbal cues their clients give the jurors. Most defense lawyers insist, Mr. Crocker of New York University Law School said, that defendants never be seen sitting together.

"Sitting together," Mr. Crocker said, "suggests to the jurors that they are to gether, that they are friends, that they did something together."

In the Central Park case, the three lawyers sit grouped around one end of a small defense table. At the other end, one day after day in front of the jurors, sit the three defendants. And they sit their elbow to elbow in the case every New Yorker knows about.



MYSELF CURED
OF THE FATAL POISONING BY
COCAINE, MORPHINE
OPIMUM OR LAUDANUM
BY A SURE, RAPID, PAINLESS, HARMLESS CURE.
MR. M. C. BALDWIN,
P. O. Box 1317, Chicago, Illinois

SOUND DESIGN: Adam Segal **Microphone Design:** Aara Kupris
STAGE MANAGER: Jonathan Rubin **COSTUME DESIGNER:** Julie Scott
LIGHTING DESIGNER: Charles R. Kaiser **Set Design:** Bob Harper

Josh Levin are and we need some capitals. So how we got Awth asome capitals and t his is getting

Josh Levin

Hello, this is no longer my toy is as just filler and his tis it doesn't have to make sense as long as it looks like acceptable fluff for a newspaper "fluff". "Hello I

MAKEUP

Stephanie Segal is Josh Hallie Mohel's story, and there are many people in this shop with me.

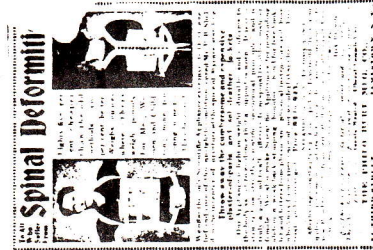
L.S.D CREW

are Molly Bloom
Larry Levine Josh Levin
never makes any sense help,
I was jerked and those blunts
that they put in there... where
do the y find them?

COSTUME

STAFF:

Julie Scott
Debbi Gamble
Daniel Ira Glicker
The Third
Julia Collins
Stephanie Segal
Matt Peterson
Hallie Mohel
Monique Lebowitz



THE CAST:

The Reporter - Eric Rosenfield
The Committee - Phyllis Asher

Margo Friedman

Dani Snyder

Nina Rosenblatt

Miss Mandel - Suzanne Baumwell

Sterling Hayden - Michael Copeland

Paula Robeson - Samira Franklin

Martin Berkeley - David Iserson

Marc Lawrence - Jamie Tanner

Lillian Hellman - Cora Reiser Shaktman

Barbara Sherwood - Andrus Nichols

Ring Lardner - Gabe Eber

Chairman - Aaron Klein

Investigator - Dani Marcus

Edwina Dmytryk - Jessica Dee

Lorreta Parks - Gillian Pachter

Linda Stander - Jena Axelrod

Zero Mostel - Michael Pryor

Elia Kazan - Noah Tarnow

Tony Kraber - Matt Peterson

Samantha Wood - Erika Grumet

DIRECTORS NOTE

The issues posed during this peculiar episode in American history continue to reverberate through many central aspects of American life and culture.

What happens to a society when the state pressures it's citizens to betray their friends haunts not just those of the blacklist generation but all of us.

**A GRAND INVENTION | 300,000 SOLD
LAST YEAR.**



\$2.00 BACK TO PATRONS FREE. WITHIN.
 AGENTS WANTED - \$100.00 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES.
 45 West Blvd. Cincinnati, O.

**IN LOVING
MEMORY
OF MORRIS
CARNOVSKY**

asd there are aothers
in here and they are talking
a nd walking out and this is
really, really, rela boaring
boringBoriang Ba;asdfja Josh
Josh Josh Andy McDowellla
a;sd Hello, this is no longer
my to;ys is asdfjust filler and
his tis it doesnot' have to
mac k sense as long as it
looks like acceptable fluff for
a newspaper "fluff", "Hello,"
akjf how are wee today???"
b4ecause fluff for newspapers
never makes any snse help,
I wasjkd and those blurbs
that they put in there... where
do the v find them?

**SPECIAL
THANKS TO**

Bob & Kate, Stan & Marlene, Marilyn & Ed, Ernst, Jessica Meyer, Leo Ferguson, Jesse Bonderman, Charles McWade, the office staff, the kitchen, and, of course, The Loveable Pub.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

WINDY WINDOLIN 300,000,000 Mothers have used for over Sixty Years by Millions of Mothers for their Children While Teething with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. For particulars, call on Mrs. Windolin's Suffering. See if you like the picture and ask for Windolin's Suffering in a bottle.



Our special appreciation to:

Bob Harper and the Buck's Rock Summer Theatre, Sam Mazzarella, the Costume, Sewing, Weaving, silkscreen, photo, Sculpture, & the loveable Pub, shops, Whitney Lawson, Steve Ansell, Cess & Jonas, & the LSD sound booth folks. Special thanks to Danny Glicker.



*The Clowns of Serendip--
A Collage of Moments*

Created from original scenarios and presented by the actors of the Clown Theatre Studio, Buck's Rock, Summer 1990.

Between the panic and the possibilities lies the dilemma of the clown. Through uncharted waters, and with perfect comic timing he unfurls his sail just as the wind dies down. It is this impossible journey that endears him to our souls. While an actor in a drama is playing someone else, a clown plays himself...and you. Like a child, he flails about, at once helpless and hopeful. Ever resilient, chasing rainbows, tilting windmills - he is the hero and the oppressed wearing one mask. And yet, like the brilliant sunset that follows the thunderstorm, it is innocence after the experience that defines his existence.

Directed by the counseling staff of the Clown Studio: Erica Babad, Charles Ledley, Daniel Rothenberg, Joshua Weinstein and Fred Yockers.

...in remembrance of Richard Pochinko,
a clown's director
A.J. Segal

The Moments

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Opening | Full Cast |
| 2. Three Card "Monty" | Ben Boothby, Gen Weart, Adam S. |
| 3. Too much Violins | Andrew Bonnes |
| 4. Sunday in the Park With Pigeons | Rachel K., Laura Kornstein, Dan R., Marco Pinchot, Austin C., Karen Goldstien, Adam M. |
| 5. Nighty Nighty | Jon Friedman, Gabe Pagano |
| 6. Folly Ball | Ben, Charlie, Jennifer, Jason, Karen G., Mike, Aron, Rachel, Karen S., David, Jo |
| 7. Bumblbling Abstractions | Gabe Pagano, Adam S., Andrew B., Austin C. |
| 8. A Sudterranean Soap | Karen Goldstien, Katharine Powell |
| 9. Eat at Porkies | Adam M., Gabe P., Ben B., Greg L. |
| 10. A Fable For Our Time | Emily Salzfass |
| 11. No Answer | Jason Fellerman |
| 12. Keyboard Madness | Gen, Jennifer |

Lighting and Sound: Larry Levine
Luke Miller
Adam Siegel
Jonathan Rubin

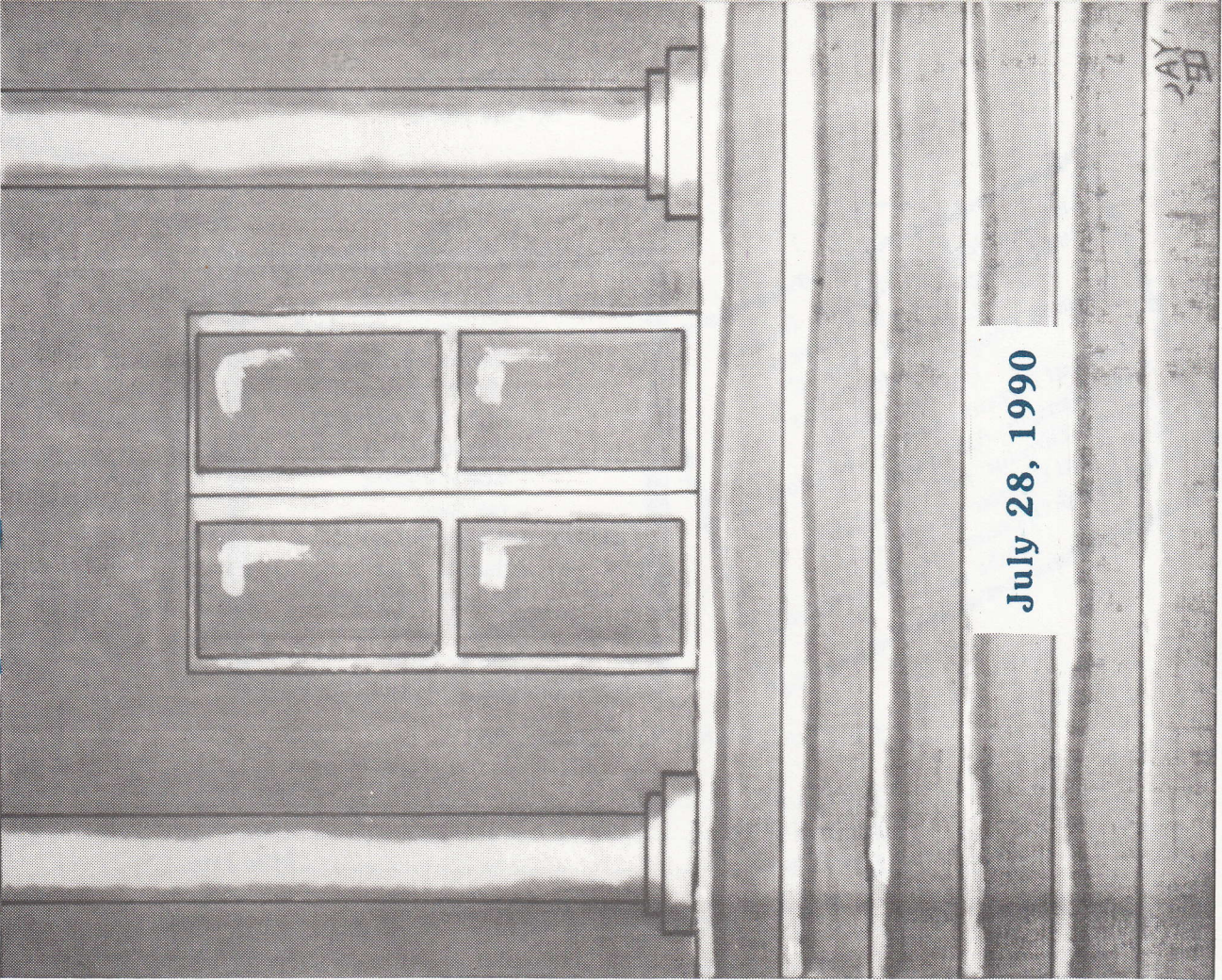
Running Crew: Steven Ansel
Jason Baumgarten
Stacy Lichterman

The Clowns:

Andrew Bonnes	Rachel Korowitz	*Jodi Sherman
Ben Boothby	*Alison Levy	Karen Silverman
*Austin Ledley-Cadore	Adam Markovics	Adam Stofsky
Michael Copeland	Jo Margeth	Gen Weart
*Jason Fellerman	Charlie McWade	
*Jon Friedman	Jennifer Miller	
Karen Goldstein	Gabe Pagano	*Clown Studio C.I.T.'s
Aron Hall	Marco Pinchot	
David Iserson	Katherine Powell	
Laura Kornstein	*Vanessa Richards	
Emily Salzfass		

A **Buck's Rock** Publication

New Milford, CT 06776



July 28, 1990



REGGIE B. ZANKERS

MUSEUM
by Tina Howe

Directed by Kate Harper
Set Design by Robert Alan Harper

Costume Staff: Julie Scott
Danny "Orion" Glicker
Stephanie Segal
Hallie Mohel CIT
Matt Peterson CIT
Monique Lebowitz
Adriane Levit
Jay June

L.S.D. Crew: Luke Miller JC
Adam L. Segal
Brandon Goldstein
Stuart Thomas
John J. Aron

Set Construction Crew: Nellinda Lewis
Aara Kupris JC
Evan Thayer CIT
Peter Kelly
Molly Bloom
Nina Rosenblatt
Jason Baumgarten
Running Crew: Molly Bloom
Nina Rosenblatt
Makeup: Stephanie Segal

Lighting Design: Charles R. Kaiser
Sound Designer: Josef Osterneck
Costume Designers: Julia Collins
Debbie Gamble
Technical Director: Brian P. Munroe
Stage Manager: Amy Budd
Assistant Director: Leah Reisman
Light Board Operator: Josh Levin
Sound Board Operator: Jason Baumgarten
Gabe Eber

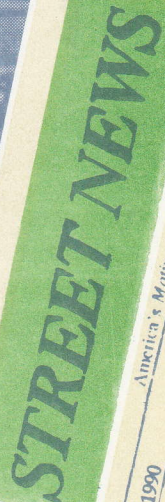
The Cast (in order of appearance)

<i>The Guard</i>	<i>Dan Walinsky</i>
<i>Michael Wall</i>	<i>Evan Thayer</i>
<i>Jean-Claude</i>	<i>Max Frey</i>
<i>Francoise</i>	<i>Susan Lutin</i>
<i>Annette Froebel/Maggie Snow</i>	<i>Jackie Weiss</i>
<i>Liz</i>	<i>Keri Chaimowitz</i>
<i>Carol</i>	<i>Jessica Meyer</i>
<i>Blakey</i>	<i>Jessica Yager</i>
<i>Mr. Hollingsford/Steve Williams</i>	<i>Charlie McWade</i>
<i>Elizabeth Sorrow/Gilda Norris</i>	<i>Danielle Marcus</i>
<i>Peter Ziff/Mr. Moe</i>	<i>Josh Seelig</i>
<i>Ms. Salt</i>	<i>Nicole Dupree</i>
<i>Bob Lamb</i>	<i>Charlie Alterman</i>
<i>Will Willard</i>	<i>Jesse Bonderman</i>
<i>Fred Izumi</i>	<i>Noah Tarnow</i>
<i>Mira Zadal/Mrs. Moe</i>	<i>Cora Reiser Shaktman</i>
<i>Barbara Zimmer</i>	<i>Rachel Burk</i>
<i>Barbara Castle</i>	<i>Sahar Mitchell</i>
<i>Mr. Gregory</i>	<i>Farrell Sklerov</i>
<i>Chloe Trapp</i>	<i>Jena Axelrod</i>
<i>Ada Bilditsky</i>	<i>Lisa Sklar</i>
<i>Tink Solheim</i>	<i>Blair Sachs</i>
<i>Kate Siv</i>	<i>Nina Wolarsky</i>
<i>Giorgio</i>	<i>Andrew Gaines</i>
<i>Zoe</i>	<i>Amanda Stein</i>
<i>Julie Jenkins</i>	<i>Sally Neff</i>
<i>First Guard</i>	<i>Ari Bassin</i>
<i>Second Guard</i>	<i>Michael Prayves</i>

Director's Note: As we approach the passage toward a new century, it seems the task of the artist to re-define and re-examine our role in society. With funding and content in jeopardy, it is with more importance than ever we ask: what is art?

*Enjoy,
Kate*

Special Thanks: to Bill and Richard, of course, Wendy and Scott, the Loveable Pub, the Kitchen, Kelly Kniffen, the Photo Shop, and Fleen.



AUGUST 4 1990

America's Motivational Non Profit Newspaper
Helping America's Hungry

Old Farmer's Almanac

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75 (T.N.) 57

**BRECHT ON
BRECHT
PRESENTED
IN THE
SOUP
KITCHEN**

Senior Cleaners is just one nationwide chain called the Harvest National Foodbank Network. Harvest delivers 'leftovers' from the 185 food-banks, restaurants, and other sources in its turn districts around the country, which in turn distribute to 40 non-agency service.

Sirion Cleaver began in 1970 as an informal group of senior citizens who camped over the weekend at their community center.

"We were eating all the food that was left over from the church," says Louise Beard, director of public relations and former president of Sirion Cleaver. "Our first meeting was in a rented basement."

We first cleaned water for many And what several times a week found drinks to pass along distribute ourselves... what we can't do?

POLLUTION: Death Of A Planet



THE BOMB:
War And Armageddon

Today, Senior Clergy estimates that they provide food for approximately 350 people and complete meals for more than 350. Several organizations depend on the Army, and shelters, churches, and the Salvation Army, and shelters. According to Fr. Swiger, the current president, "a lot of them say, 'If I weren't for St. George's, I'd close our doors.'"

The gleaners pooled resources to make the organization what it is today. "Sharing was one of the things that got us going," said Swiger. But the organization has grown. To meet their \$15,000-a-month expenses, Senior Clergy has to work hard—corporate grants are few. They

Brecht On Brecht

by Bertolt Brecht

Translated by George Tabori

Music by Kurt Weill and Arnold Black

Directed by Wendy Kaufman

Assistant Director: Carolyn Bauer

Stage Manager: Sandra Platt

BB Army:

David Iserson

Jeremy Tiefenbrun

Lili Kalish

Daniel Walfish

Jason Baumgarten

Paulina Nissenblatt

Rachel Burke

Robbie Nathans

Kimberly Phillips

Naomi Bernstein

Julie Gilberg

Matt Peterson

Cora Schakman

Special Appearance by Mr. Bill as Mr. Smith

Ethan Ubell

Morra Aarons

Hallie Mohel

Jordana Haspel

Alex Korahais

Charlie Alterman

Jessica Dee

Dina Gould

Liz Zindel

Rebecca Hart

Emily Jaffe

Thea Shoulson

Blair Sachs

Special Thanks:

Carolyn for her wonderful collaboration, Ernst, Dick, Kate and Bob, Kelly, Scott, James Dupree, Charlie Alterman, Joe Menino, Arnold Black and the Cocteau Rep., Diaphoto, Cindy and Susan in Music, George and Barbie in Batik, Ezra, Amy and Seth in Photo, the Loveable Pub, Elizabeth Stein and Mike Hammer, Erica and Herman Babad, Dan Rothenberg, Ara Kupris, especially Al and the Kitchen Staff for their tolerance and support. And of course Ed and Marilyn, Stan and Marlene.

Set Design by Robert Alan Harper

Lighting Design: Charles R. Kaiser

Sound Design: John Aron, Joseph Osterneck

Osterneck

Costume Design: Daniel Glicker

Technical Director: Brian P. Munroe

Dummy Design: Ara Kupris and Carolyn Bauer

Make-up and Hair: Stephanie Segal and Danny Glicker

Danny Glicker

Set Construction Crew:

Bob Harper

Nellinda Lewis

Evan Thayer

Molly Bloom

Jason Baumgarten

Sandra Platt

Brian Munroe

Ara Kupris

Robert Brous

Nina Rosenblatt

Carolyn Bauer

LSD Staff:

Charles Kaiser

Jon Rubin

Larry Levine

Joseph Osterneck

Luke Miller

Stuart Thomas

LSD Crew:

Adam Segal

Josh Levin

Jason Baumgarten

Costume Staff:

Debbie Gamble

Danny Glicker

Julie Scott

Julia Collins

Hallie Mohel

Dedication: To Salfdar Hashimi, one of India's popular creators of street theatre, who was murdered January 1990 at the age of 35. He was attacked after Congress Party politician Muskesh Sharma asked him to stop the performance of a play and Hashimi refused.

Director's Note:

"Brecht is a writer of quests. He did not believe in absolute evil or absolute good. His heroes and heroines are a mixed bag of what many would call 'morally ambiguous' figures. What makes them remarkable, even great, is the journey they go on, what experience does to them and what they do to people around them."

Howard Brenton

Pieces:

On Lighting / Casting(Excerpts) / Man's a Man / The Pessimist / The Optimist / The Mask of Evil / The Jew, a Misfortune for the People / The Solution / The Birth of a Son / Questions for a Son / Questions from a Worker / Hunted for Good Reasons / Moritat of Mac the Knife / Ballad of Mac the Knife / The Sinners in Hell / Against Temptation / Pirate Jenny / Maria / Of the World's Friendliness / Concerning the Infanticide, Marie Farrar / Song About My Mother / Does Man Help Man? / Useless Song / Stories of Herr K. / The Betrayal / Army Song / From A German Primer for War / The Life of Galileo / Spring 1938 / Bad Times / Freedom for Whom / The Burning of Books / The Parable of the Burning House / Envoy / The Jewish Wife / Epitaph 1919 / Report About a Comrade Fallen Into Hitlerite Hands As Reported By One of Us / Death of a Peacefighter / The Marked Men / Bad Morning / Change the World, She Needs It / Changing Wheels

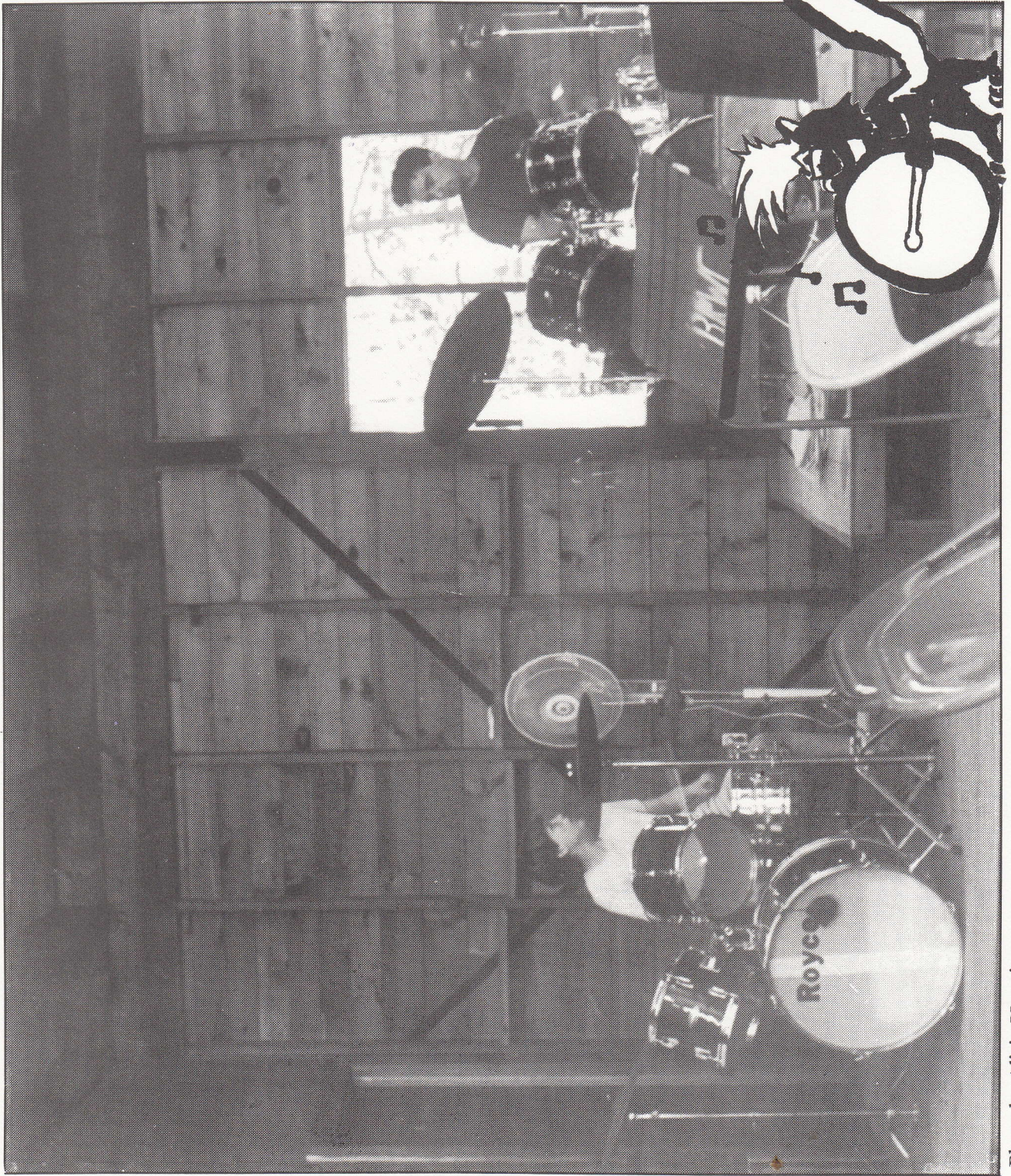


Photo by Alicia Horwitz

Why Can't I Be Me?



AN ACTOR'S STUDIO
PRESENTATION

AUGUST 10, 1990

Why Can't I Be Me?

Written by Scott Clare, Sara Zimbard, Leah Reisman, and Michael Prywes, with help from the marvelous cast

DIRECTED BY SCOTTY CLARE
ASSISTANT DIRECTORS:
LEAH BETH REISMAN
AND SARA LAUREN ZIMBARD

Set Designer: Aara Kupris
Lighting Design: Jason Baumgarten
Lighting Advisor: Charles R. Kaiser
Sound Operator: Michael Handler
L.S.D. Staff: Charles R. Kaiser
Joe Osterneck
Jon Aron
Larry Levine JC
Adam Segal
Josh Levin

Set Construction: Robert Alan Harper
Brian Munroe
Nellinda Lewis
Peter Kelly
Aara Kupris JC
Evan Thayer CIT
Costume Design: Julie Scott
Costume Crew: Staci Lichterman
Monique Lebowitz

The Cast

Heather.....Jennifer Drucker
Joey.....Andrew Gaines
Leech.....Lee George
Zoe.....Tammy Gildengers
Susie.....Alison Greenspan
Constance.....Melanie Greenspan
Sue Ellen.....Anna Hrybyk
Selene.....Leigh Ickowics
Alexis.....Joanna Kaplan
Bubba.....Joshua Kizner
Mr. Bender.....Gregg Licht
Samantha.....Natalie Mouyal
John.....Gabe Pearlman
Tammy.....Marissa Ross
Waldo.....David Sandford
Randy.....Eli Simon
Kent.....Jamie Tanner

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: "Ourselves we do inter with sweet derision.
The channel of the dust who once achieves
Invalidates the balm of that religion
That doubts as fervently as it believes."

Emily Dickinson

Special Thanks: Bob and Kate, Stan and Marlene, Marilyn and Ed, the office staff, the kitchen, Michael Prywes, and of course The Loveable Pub.

many, many, MANY THANKS TO: the construction crew who gave us the sets we wanted, LSD who gave us the sound and light, Costume Shop who spent hours stitching for us, the loveable PUB who made it possible for you to read this, Silkscreen who helped us advertise, Al in the kitchen who baked our cake, Fred and Erica for their unlimited support, Marilyn and Ed, Stan and Marlene, and Ernst who made it possible for us to have this concert!

Program layout: Amy Isikoff and Sara Kramer

Program design: Rachel Slater and Dance Staff

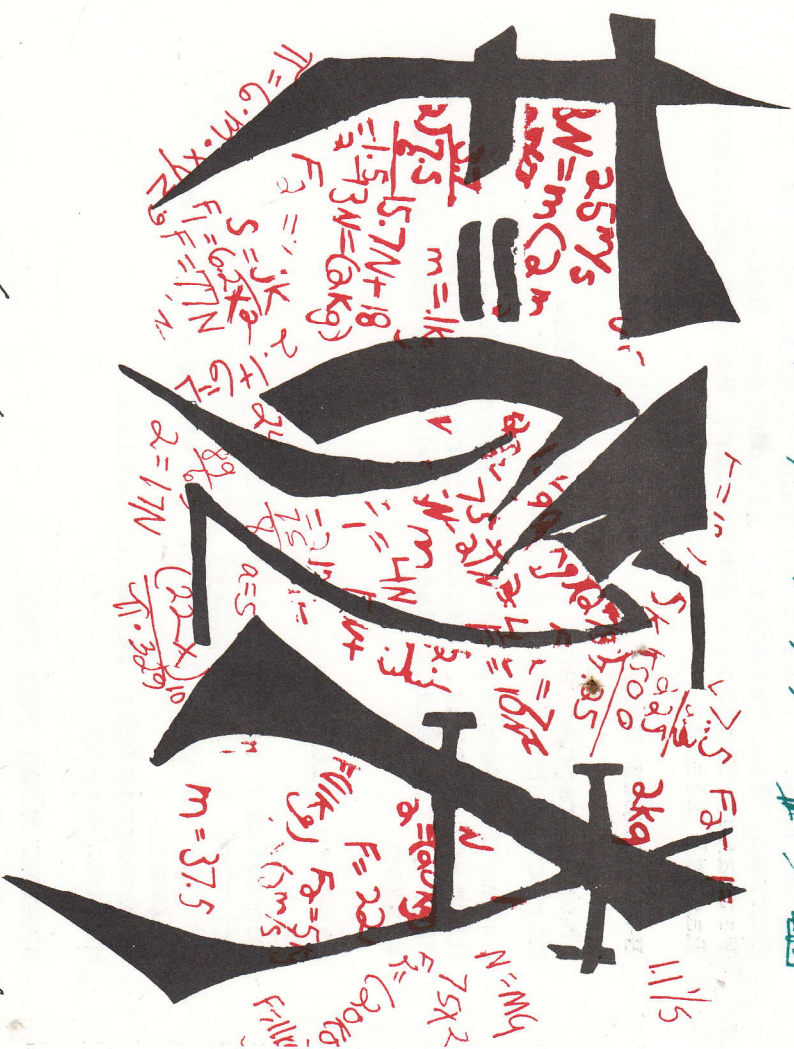


Photo by Jena Axelrod

A Buck's Rock Production 1990

New Milford, CT 06776

DANCE NIGHT



FORCE EQUALS MASS
TIMES

ACCELERATION

AUGUST 11, 1990

DANCE NIGHT '90

DOMESTIC TRAFFIC

Choreographer: Carol Schneider
Music: Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey
Performers: Elisa Delgado-Tomei, Janine Dupree, Jon Friedman, Lia Morse, Robbi Nathans, Benjamin Schachter, Margot Schulman, Rachel Slater

HOME SWEET HOME

Choreographed and Performed by the Company
Directed by Erica Babad
Samantha DeWitt, Jon Friedman, Dina Gould, Michael Hammer, Rachel Korowitz, Adam Markovics, Blair Sachs, Jodi Sherman, Alyce Waxman

HAYDN'S FOLLY

Conceived by: Charlie Ledley
Created and Performed by: Carolyn Aibel, Kate Fried, Charlie Ledley, Julia Ragen, Alexis Salaman
Choreographer: Sarah Greenlaw
Music: Haydn

BAKING SODA FOR TWO

Created and Performed by: Carolyn Aibel and Daniel Rothenberg
Music: African Spiritual

PUT YOUR SOCKS ON, FLO

A transitional piece created in a state of transition by three counselors in transition: Carol, Erica and Sarah.

Dance Staff: Sarah Greenlaw, Carol Schneider, Carolyn Aibel, Rachel Slater, Addie Male, Nadine Robins, Benjamin Schnachter, Lauren Wolfe

FRAGILE EXISTENCE

Choreographer: Carol Schneider
Music: Peter Gabriel
Young Performers: Ali Aron, Janine Dupree, Renee Mazzarella
Performers: Carolyn Aibel, Addie Male, Nadine Robins, Benjamin Schachter, Lauren Wolfe

.....**PAUSE**.....

PENDULAE...

(suspended women)

Choreographer: Sarah Greenlaw
Music: Tangerine Dream
Performers: Carolyn Aibel, Addie Male, Nadine Robins, Blair Sachs, Margot Schulman, Lauren Wolfe

AFTER EDITH'S

Another wild and crazy creative collaboration by some of the CIT'S and JC'S from the Clown, Dance and Theatre studios.

ABSENCE

Choreographed and Performed by: Benjamin Schachter

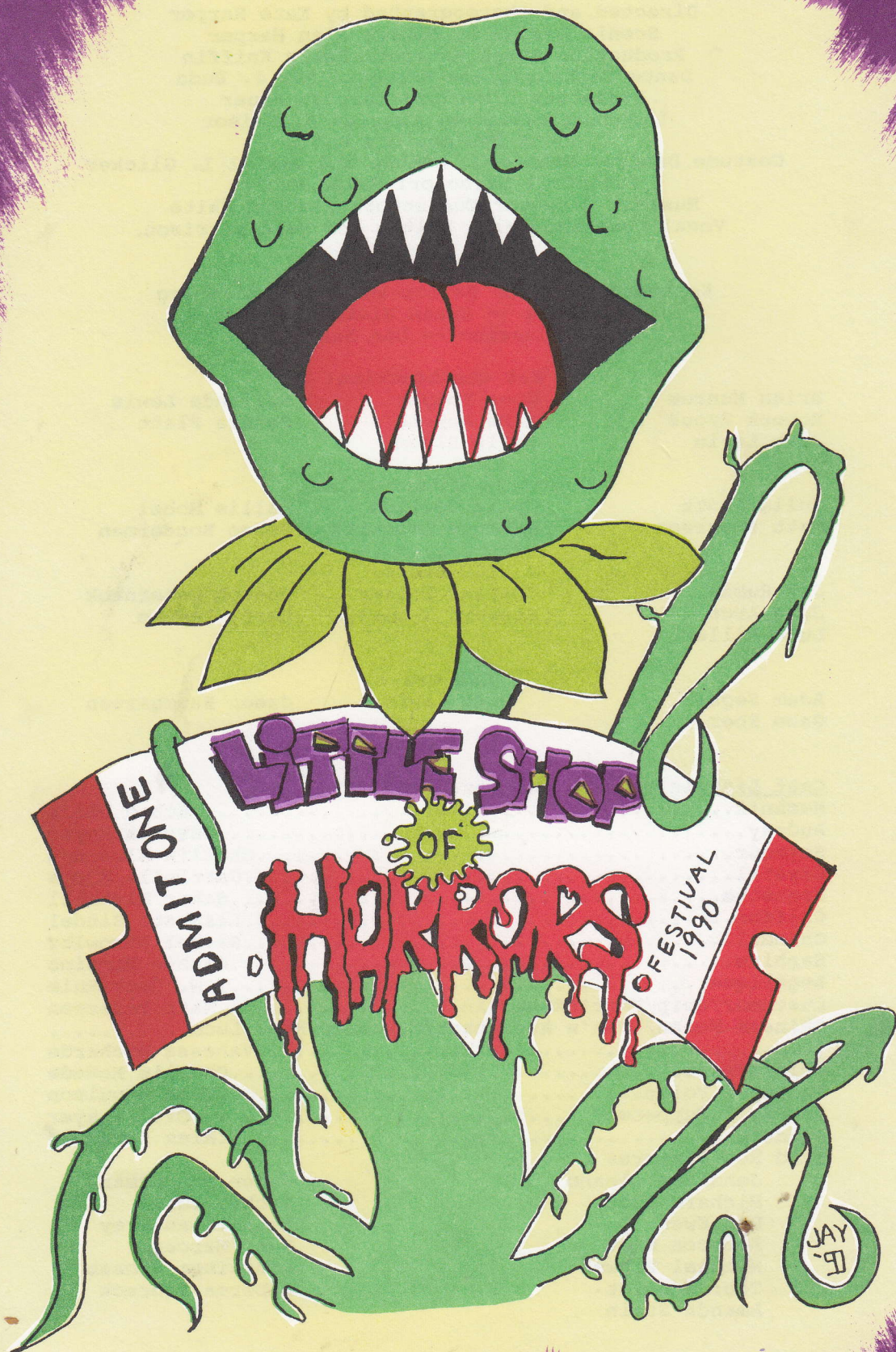
THROUGH THE MIRROR

Choreographed and Performed by: Carolyn Aibel, Addie Male, Nadine Robins, Lauren Wolfe
Music: Hans Zimmer

Dedicated to all those who ever were or will be C.I.T.'s at Buck's Rock.

INERTIA

Choreographer: Sarah Greenlaw
Music: Yanni
Performers: Lia Morse, Elisa Delgado-Tomei, Blair Sachs, Benjamin Schachter, Margot Schulman, Rachel Slater, Lauren Wolfe



The Summer Theatre Presents

Little Shop Of Horrors

by Howard Ashman
Music by Alan Menken

Directed and Choreographed by Kate Harper
Scenic Design by Robert Alan Harper
Production Stage Manager: Kelly Kniffin
Dance Captain/Stage Manager: Amy J. Budd
Assistant Director: Carolyn Bauer
Lighting Designer: Charles R. Kaiser
Sound Design: Jon Rubin
Costume Design: Debbie J. Gamble and Daniel I. Glicker
Technical Director: Brian Munroe
Musical Director/Conductor: Richard White
Vocal Coaches: Helen Belton and Bess Morrison

Pit Band:

Keyboard -- Helen Belton and Erika Blumberg
Bass -- Susan Winthrop
Percussion -- Dan Harper

Set Construction:

Brian Munroe	Evan Thayer	Nellinda Lewis
Robert Brous	Aara Kupris	Sandra Platt
Josh Levin	Molly Bloom	

Costume Construction:

Julie Scott	Julia Collins	Hallie Mohel
Matt Peterson	Monique Lebowitz	Jesse Bonderman

LSD Staff:

Jon Rubin	Charles Kaiser	Joseph Osternack
John Aron	Stewart Thomas	Larry Levine
Luke Miller		

LSD Crew:

Adam Segal	Josh Levin	Jason Baumgarten
Gabe Eber		

Cast List(in order of appearance):

Mushnik.....Ethan Ubell
Audrey.....Jessica Meyer
Seymour.....Charlie Alterman
Crystal.....Gabrielle Nidus
Ronnette.....Sahar Mitchell
Chiffon.....Lizabeth Zindel
Chandal.....Rachel Korowitz
Sapphire.....Cathie Martino
Angelique.....W. Beth Rule
Customer/Snip/Patrick Martin.....Matt Peterson
Chinese Woman/Orin's Assistant/Customer/Mrs. Luce.....
.....Vanessa Richards
Orin Scrivello.....Charlie McWade
Audrey 2 Voice.....Thea Shoulson
Audrey 2 Puppeteer.....Evan Thayer
Bernstein.....Alex Korahais

Skid Row Players:

Jennifer Albano	Jesse Bonderman
Richard Budd	Rachel Burk
Dan Ewen	Maximilian Frey
Rebecca Hart	Dani Marcus
Michael Prywes	Genevieve Schaab
Tobi Schmidt	Rebecca Sibrack
Amanda Stein	

Note: Our apologies to everyone who worked on the show and is not recognized in this program. Yearbook production took place before certain jobs were filled.

Outdoor Activities

The time you won
your town the race
We chaired you
through the market-
place;
Man and boy
stood cheering by,
And home we
brought you
shoulder-high.

-- A.E. Housman



In yesterday's episode of The Animal Farm, Prince Igor the Rooster found his wife, the beautiful hen, Cleo, and his lovely (but secret) fiancée, Henrietta III, dead in a nesting box. Witnesses say Prince Igor was having trouble deciding which of the two hens he really loved. On top of that, when Igor found out that Henrietta told Cleo about their secret relationship, he flew into a violent fit of rage. Today, Igor is being tried for their murders.

Recapping the events of the Goat family, we find Darkie in a state of confusion after learning that her kid was not the daughter of Fred the Goat, but instead, the offspring of Bambi the Pony. Darkie's mother, Edie, in a last desperate attempt to get Fred into the family, plots the murder of Bambi. On the other hand, Fred's ex-girlfriend Juliet, finds her daughter, Joline, trying to seduce him. Together, with Friday, they are also planning a murder -- Joline's.

Turning to the geese, we find Jake's wife, Wilhemmena, desperately longing for a family. She pleads with Jake to adopt the baby ducks. Their dispute may result in a divorce. Miss Daisy, the lazy cow, secretly loves Jake and longs to share her hidden passion.

Tune in next year for the latest news on the courageous intraspecies love affairs between Jonas the Turkey, and Madamoiselle, a sensuous hen whose current flame is the devilish rooster, Sir Hobboblin.

You'll find out whether Miss Daisy will disclose her secret and if the devious murder plots will go through as planned. Also discover whether Prince Igor is guilty of the crimes of which he has been accused... on the next episode of The Animal Farm.

Closing Credits: All of us at the Animal Farm wish to give Tracy Lightower special thanks for all the extra work she has done this summer.

Sarah Tunick

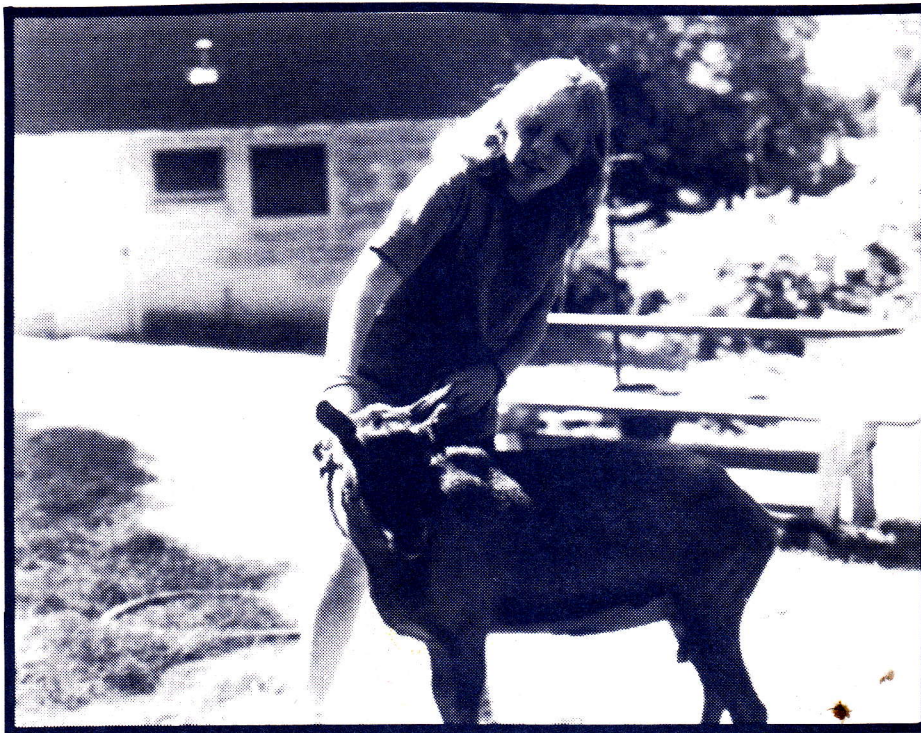


Photo by Roshini Thayaparan

Animal Farm

Prior to my arrival at camp, I had this very peculiar urge to shoot an arrow. While at home one day staring at my television, my mother came into my room and handed me the Buck's Rock brochure. After she passed it to me, I excitedly started flipping through the pages to see what was in store for me this summer at Buck's Rock. Immediately, I spotted it: the word "Archery." It was then that I realized this would be a great summer.

When I arrived at camp, I wanted to go straight to Archery. But to my alarm, I was informed during orientation that I would have to wait a **WHOLE EXTRA DAY** before I could go.

The next morning, I woke up tired and drowsy and a little homesick. But, all those thoughts wandered away when I remembered the word, "Archery." As I was walking along the road to the shooting field, I felt like I was floating on air. Once I got there, my heart was once again broken. Not a single soul was to be found. But then it happened. Stepping like a god from behind the shed, ROB appeared -- Rob Morely, that is, the camp's archery instructor.

He approached me and mightily said, "Would you like to learn how to shoot an arrow?"

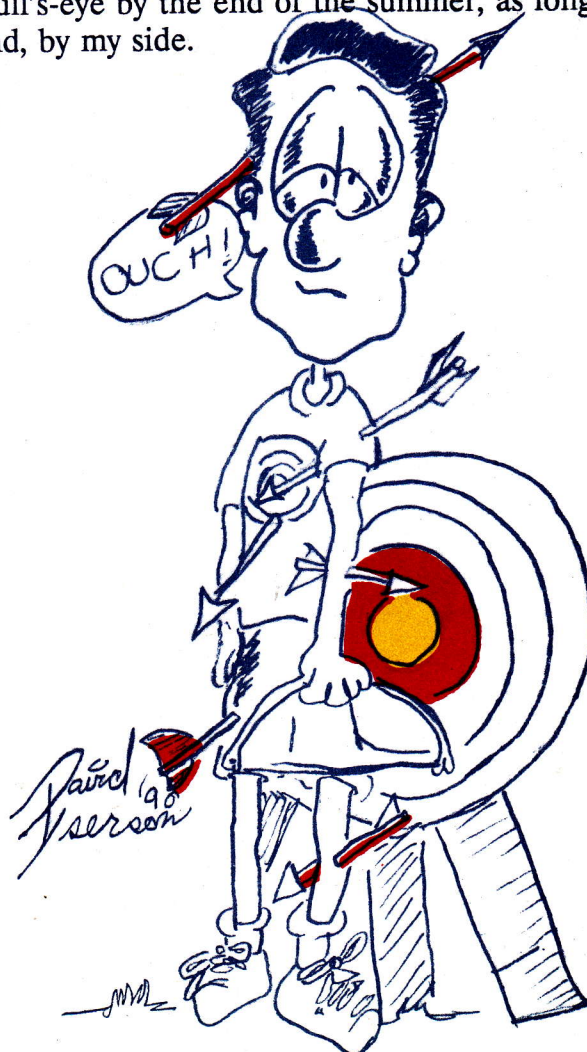
In awe, I replied, "Could you teach me how do that?"

"Sure I can," he said with a jovial grin.

He then handed me a bow and arrow and taught me the basic archery stances. As I pulled back the string, I felt my body fill with anticipation, hope and joy. Best of all was the feel of the bow and arrow. It was as if I was in heaven. Aiming, I felt the elastic string of the bow in my hand. I knew, though, that I would have to let go soon. As I did, I watched the arrow soar with fantastic speed through the air. Then it happened -- BOOM! It was like an explosion. I hit the white.

Well, I didn't get a very high score, but to me, it was a sure sign that I would be able to hit the bull's-eye by the end of the summer, as long as I had Rob, the archery god from England, by my side.

By Simon Rosof
Lloyd Balch



Archery



Basketball

David
Season 190

This year's Fencing Studio was inhabited by many campers as well as the Mysterious Man -- everyone's idol, who enjoyed "hanging out" at the studio.

The morning warm-ups, which lasted from 9 to 10 a.m., tended to be more dangerous than the actual fencing. Just ask Brooke -- she ran into a wall.

At the end of the first session, there was a mini-fencing tournament with all of the beginners. Many participated, including: Molly Jong-Fast, Tim Schmit, Brandon Goldstein, Aya Fanselow, Brooke Chandler, Caitlin Eggelson, Rachel Clarke, and Abbey Janoff. All those involved enjoyed themselves and did very well in the first "real" fencing matches.

On August 2, the Under-14 team fenced at Camp Kindering with great results. (Of course, at the time this article is being written, this hasn't actually happened yet; but Claire Tulloch, our instructor, has a premonition that we will win.)

Fencing is a lively sport which welcomes both the strongest and the weakest of athletes. Everyone was made to feel at home in the Fencing Studio, and we hope even more fencers will join in the fun next year.

Melissa Schaefer

P.S. We forgive the Actors' Studio for constantly interrupting our warm-up sessions and fencing lessons with their screaming exercises. We also forgive all those lazy campers who picked up their laundry during class.

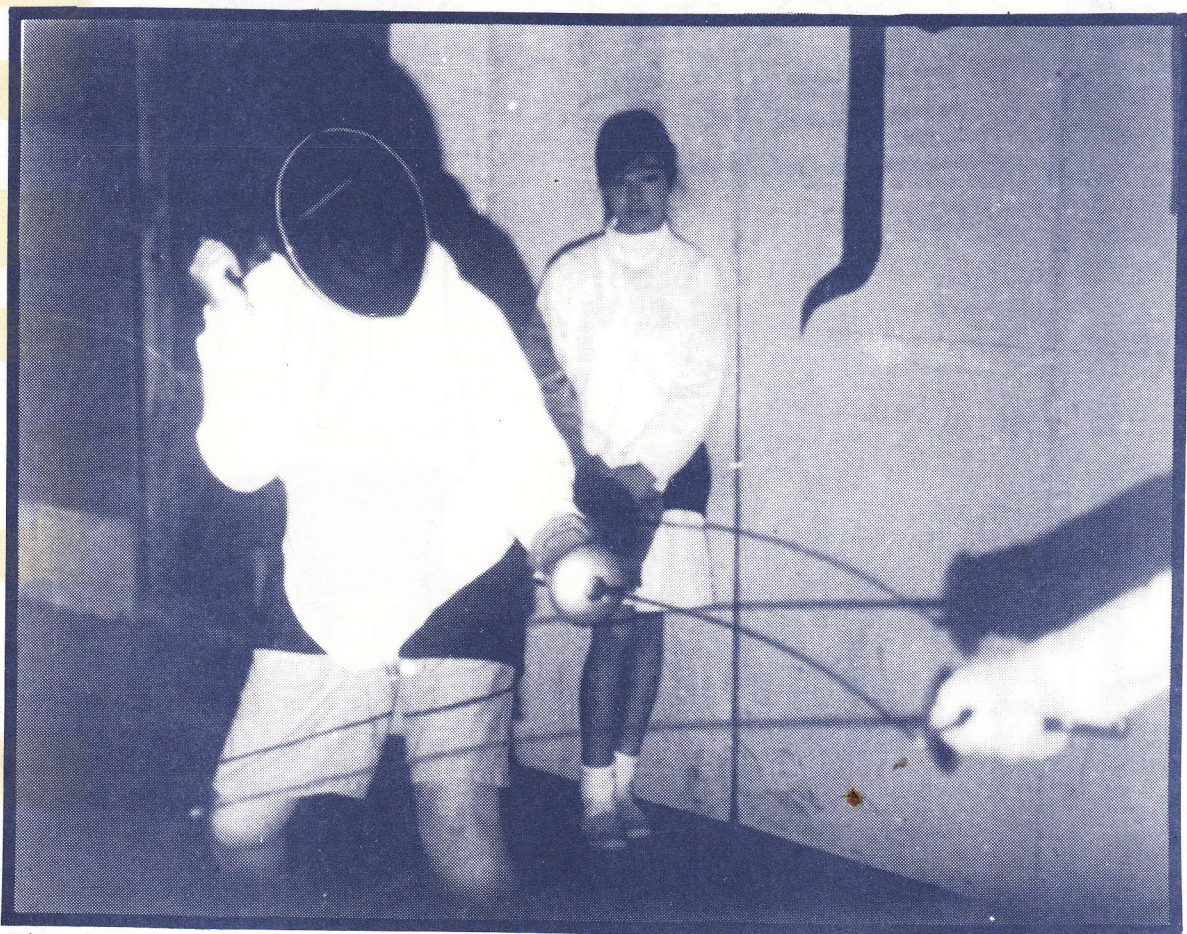


Photo by Gabe Eber

Fencing

We won the first game, 9-0 over Hilcroft. We are very positive about the games to come.



A black and white photograph of two young men playing soccer on a field. One player is in the foreground, kicking the ball, while another player is behind him. A soccer ball is visible on the left.

soccer

Yo, yo, it's time for the Stables article. (Ya, the stables -- that barn-type thing that comes between the soccer field and the Animal Farm.)

First, some introductions are in order. In the stalls from entrance to exit are Fourteen Karat, a sweet horse who can't really trot; Bambi (Bambs), the miniature horse which used to reside at the Animal Farm and recently made his appearance at our glorious stables; Sporster (Sporty), the macho horse; Espresso the Farting Horse, a charming but lazy chap; the empty hay and feed storage stall/changing room; Jubilee, a nice horse (gotten in place of Alice who went lame) which suffers from smallponyphobia, straightstallphobia, and carphobia; Darbie, the western horse which used to be untrained for riding in a ring until she had a few lessons with Jennie "The Crop" Harper. Plus there is Racer (Racey), the biggest, laziest, hungriest horse here. Right now he is sticking his head out of the stall trying to read what we've written so far (we're not letting him see it until it's finished). Also, if you read Dear "A.J." in the August edition of The Rock, you'll see that these horses are big fans of Monty Python's Flying Circus. (Hold on a minute, they're after us with a pitch fork...O.K.)

There are also four other animals at the stables. Steve Goodings, the certified riding counselor who wears a weird hat with the British flag on it. He likes to go into the woods, and cut down trees to make very high jumps. There's Clair Blackwell-Smythe, the other counselor who's braiding Jubilee's tail now. Jubilee tries to kick, and Claire kicks back. Oh no, hold on, the pen fell in the manure. Then there is Jennie Harper, our beloved CIT. She's the one who "persuaded" us to write this article. She's been here for eight years and probably since the camp first opened, and has just been reincarnated twice. So you probably know her. Then there's Andrew Rubin, our CITIT, and Jennie's sidekick, who has also been reincarnated. He was a horse in a past life; he makes strange horse sounds...

Here's some stuff to tell the folks that they don't tell you in the brochure: Most of the time there's either a water fight, a hay fight, a baby powder fight, or a manure fight going on at the stables, not to mention throwing Andrew Rubin in the water trough and surprise visits from the health inspector. Plus we get to shine our boots with "Leather New" (which no one ever uses correctly because the directions are o-so-tricky). And now a brief message from our nurses: don't go up there if you're allergic to hay, please.



Eva Levinson
Sara Gottesman

Photo by Marnie Goodfriend

Stables

During the first half of the summer, the Water Hole was open to all campers who wanted to swim, relax, and have fun (dunk each other). After changeover, those ever-so-clever counselors, Peter, Gary, and Roman, arranged for us to be taken to Candlewood Lake where the swimming was even better. There was an ice cream truck and refreshment stand at the lake, as well; I highly recommend buying the infamous Muff Burger.

Probably the hardest thing to do on a typical waterfront day is to try to understand Peter and Gary's cockney accents, and to deal with Roman's requests for another Choco Taco. I think Josh broke the record for being thrown out the most because of so-called "misbehaving" (at least *he* had fun).

But after all the ups and downs (that includes the bus rides), I wouldn't have missed swimming at the waterfront, even for a bacon double cheese burger.

Josh Grant

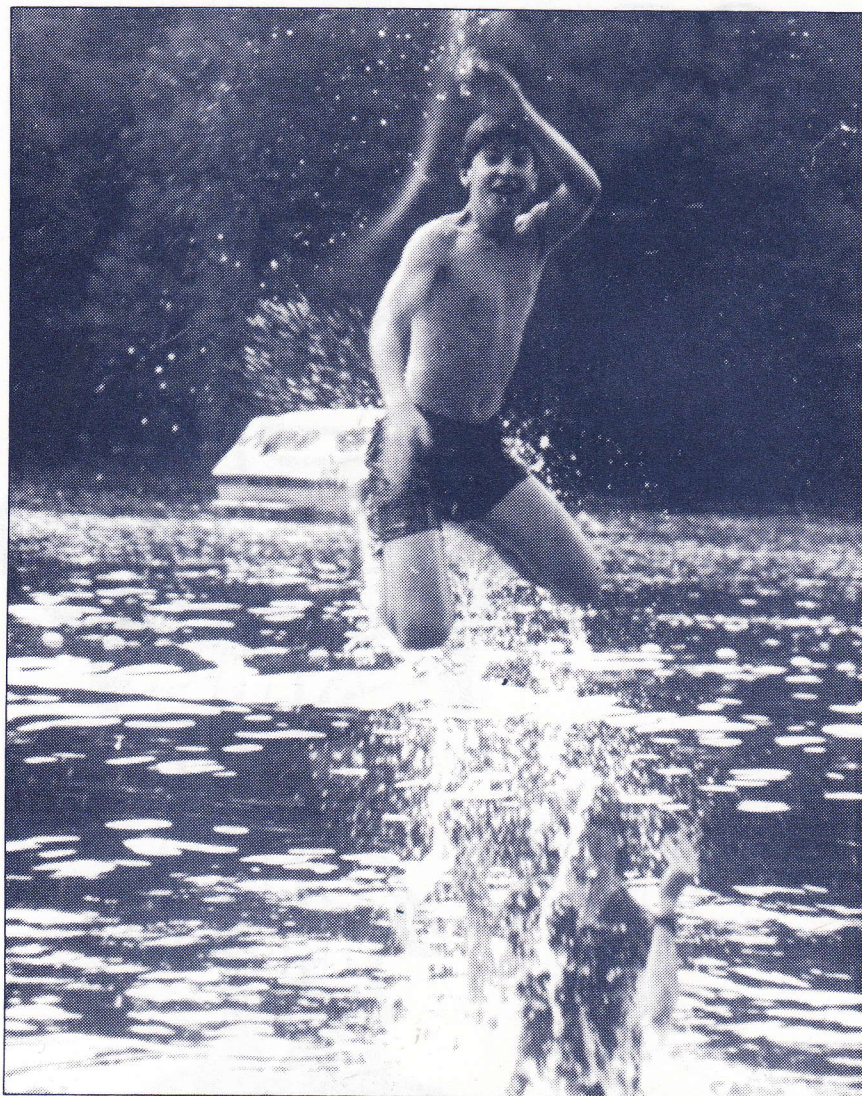


Photo by Marnie Goodfriend

Waterhole

WATERHOLE

One of the mainstays here at Buck's Rock is the softball league. Every year the participants in the league supply the camp with non-stop breathtaking chills and thrills. This year was no exception. All the teams focused on the coveted Carvel Cup. Picton, Onderdonk, Foss, Ballou, Imlay, and Fenellosa prepared to go at each other with anticipation. These teams all played their hearts out, but in the end only two teams remained: Fenellosa and Picton. At the end of a very well played game, Picton left victoriously.

Everyone participating in the Watermelon League had a lot of fun, even the teams that lost. Mark Richter probably enjoys it more than anyone else. That must be the reason he was assigned to head the league.

written by Dan Ewen and
Adam Markovics



Watermelon League

People are raving (raving mad, that is) about Pioneering this year. The Pioneer Man, a.k.a. Del Frame, made his debut this year wandering around camp with his blue and yellow backpack, trying to think of more excuses to go swimming and sunbathing. Pioneer Man always had a trip ready just when we needed to get out of camp for a few hours. And just when we needed a new supply of Munchkins. Here are some quotes from various trips throughout the summer (names have been omitted to protect the guilty. You know who you are!):

"Are we there yet, Papa Smurf?"

"Where's the trail? This isn't a trail!"

"Omigod! I'm falling. I'm going to die out here. Aaaaacch!"

"This tent looks funny. Idiots! You set it up all wrong. Wait a second... there's a big rock under our tent!"

"What do roast cookies taste like?"

"What are you doing? You're cooking that all wrong! You're supposed to let it burn until it's all black and then wave the marshmallow wildly through the air trying to blow it out."

"Can I eat this potato chip when it's still all red and smoldering?"

"They're going to bed? Losers! It's only midnight!"

"Monkeys! There are monkeys fighting in the forest."

"Nope, sorry. Those are raccoons."

"Ouch. This water is freezing my (legs, arms, toes, etc...) off."

"WATER FIGHT!"

"A dozen donuts? Pig!"

"They're for my friends. I swear I only ate two of them."

"Didn't anyone ever teach you how to lick an ice cream cone? Lick it in a circle. See, that way it doesn't dribble."

Each trip was an experience never to be forgotten (or forgiven).

Amy Isikoff

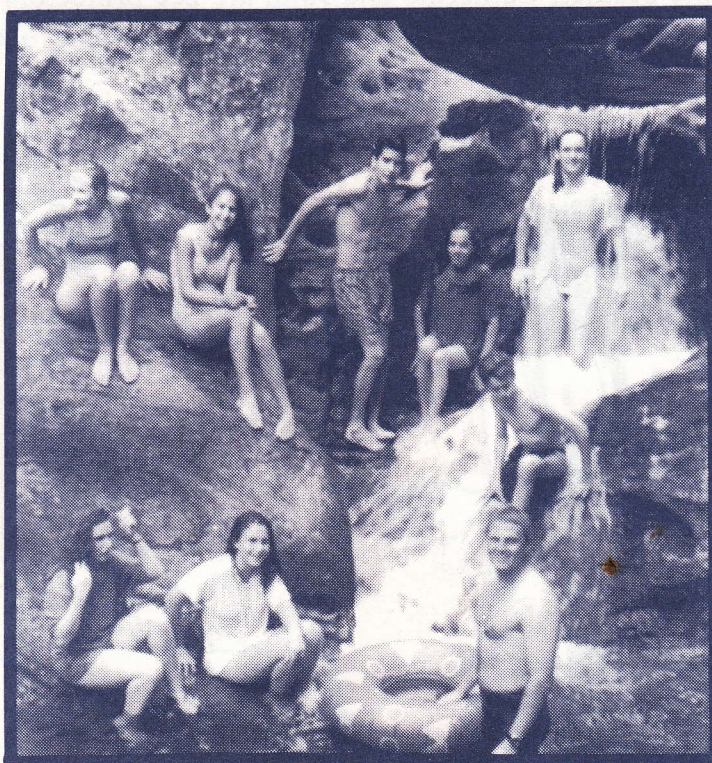


Photo by Beth Weisman

Pioneering

It was dark and damp under the wheelbarrow. As the sun sank behind the softball field, an uneasy rustle ran through Oscar's Garden. John was nowhere to be found and Catherine was far away in the Print Shop. The future of the vegetables lay in the balance; Zimbard Zucchini and Butch, the mean green bean, were back in town....

"Well, I don't know what to do!" exclaimed Rapture Radish, who was voluptuous and more than a little feeble.

"Do not worry," comforted Heinz, the Bavarian Tomato, an all around hero and annoyingly nice guy. He flashed his perfectly white teeth, adding, "You'll be safe with me."

At that exact moment, there was a crashing of leaves, small shrubs, and all kinds of flora. There, in the midst of it all, loomed an unforgettable sight: Butch, the mean green bean. He smiled a toothy smile, startling Heinz who attempted an equally threatening smile but failed miserably. The two mean vegetables towered over him. They were imposing figures. Violently, they snatched Rapture Radish and ran.

Dun-dun-dun-dun-dun!!!

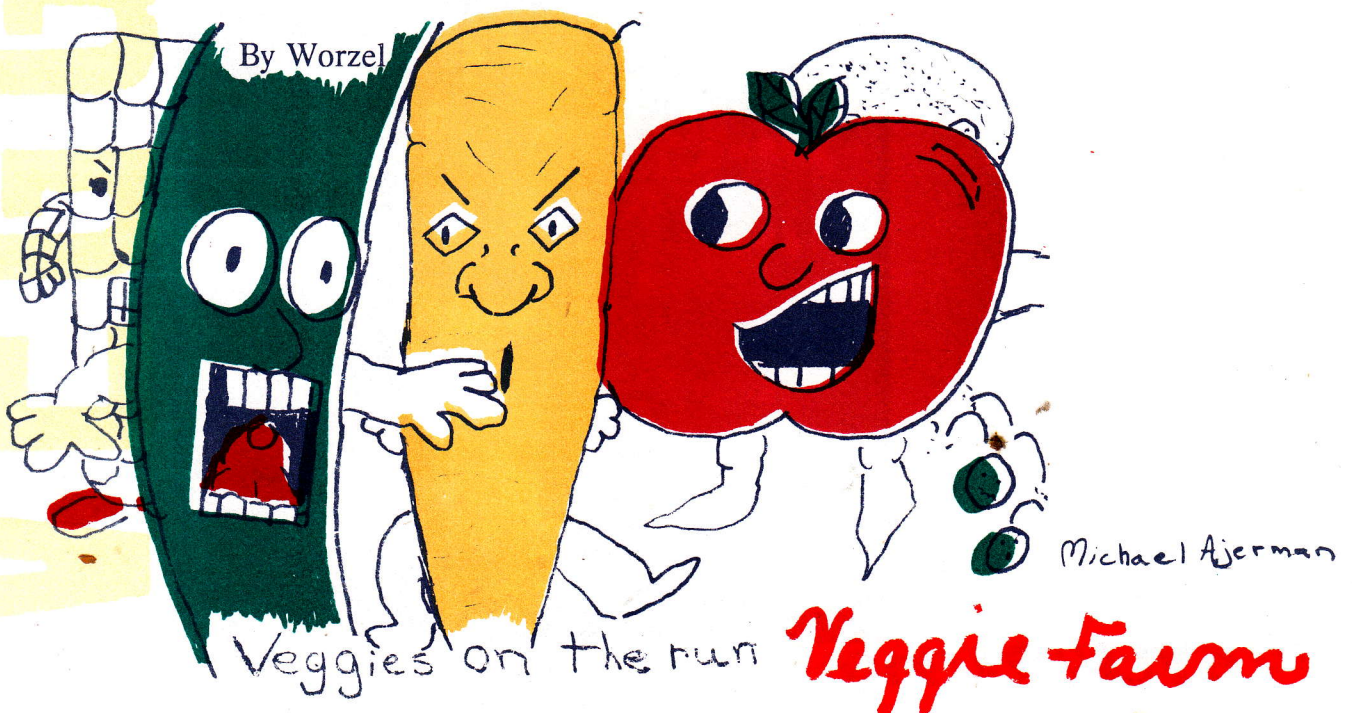
It was dark and damp under the wheelbarrow. The garden twine around Rapture's wrist bit uncomfortably into her smooth red skin. She screamed a dramatic scream; not because there was any point to it, but because it was the sort of thing heroines did. Butch snarled ferociously, "Stop that noise! There's no one to hear you and besides, you will need all the breath you can muster when we have sold you to the kitchen for -- the Vegetarian Meal."

There was a flash of steel, then another and another. The air was suddenly filled with the scent of fresh Ratatouille. Heinz wiped his blade and smiled the sort of smile that heroes always smile when they know they've done something really heroic. But of course, heroes are too modest to admit it.

"Oh, Heinz," gasped Rapture. "You are so wonderful. You truly are the protector of the Vegetable Garden. You have saved me from the vegetarian stew."

"Oh, Rapture, you zilly ol' zing," Heinz smiled complacently. "I zed I vood look after you and besides, Catherine and John are zee protectors of zee Vegetable Garden. Zay won't be making another vegetarian meal for a while -- zee last one is still only six days old."

And it was.



WHAT TENNIS IS ABOUT

Swoosh! The yellow ball bounces off my racquet strings into the righthand corner of the court. I quickly and shrewdly advance to the net. My opponent strokes the ball and I meet it with my awaiting forehand volley.

Tennis is a simple game made up of complex strategies. At Buck's Rock, beginners can learn serves, volleys, forehands, and backhands. Intermediate players can better their already brilliant skills while correcting minor problems. And the advanced players can have fun beating the C.I.T.'s.

Besides taking lessons, we also play among ourselves. We defeat other camps with the thrill of victory glistening in our eyes. Very, very rarely do we feel the agony of defeat.

Tennis is a shop where you can learn to better yourself with help from the pros. They will teach you, drill you, hit with you (and sometimes criticize you). They will help you to form a style of play that you will keep for a lifetime.

Swoosh! My forehand volley enters my opponent's side of the court. My opponent dives for the ball but his racquet cannot catch it. This is what tennis is about.

Jeffrey
Paul
Bobrick

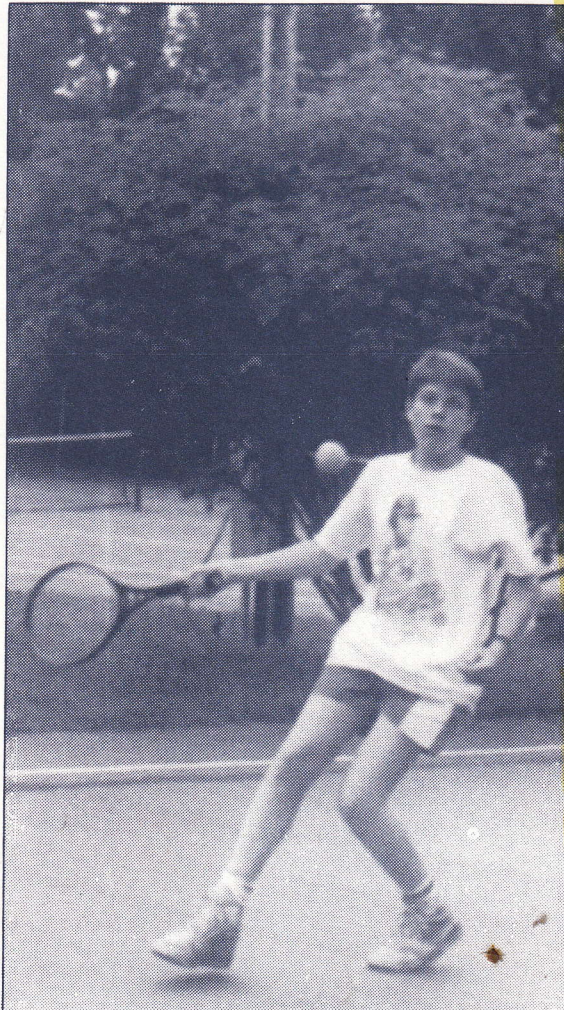


Photo by Josh Blumberg

Tennis

C
a
m
b
Up, black, striped and
damasked like the chasuble
At a funeral mass, the
skunk's tail
Paraded the skunk.
Night after night
I expected her
like a visitor.

b - Seamus Heaney

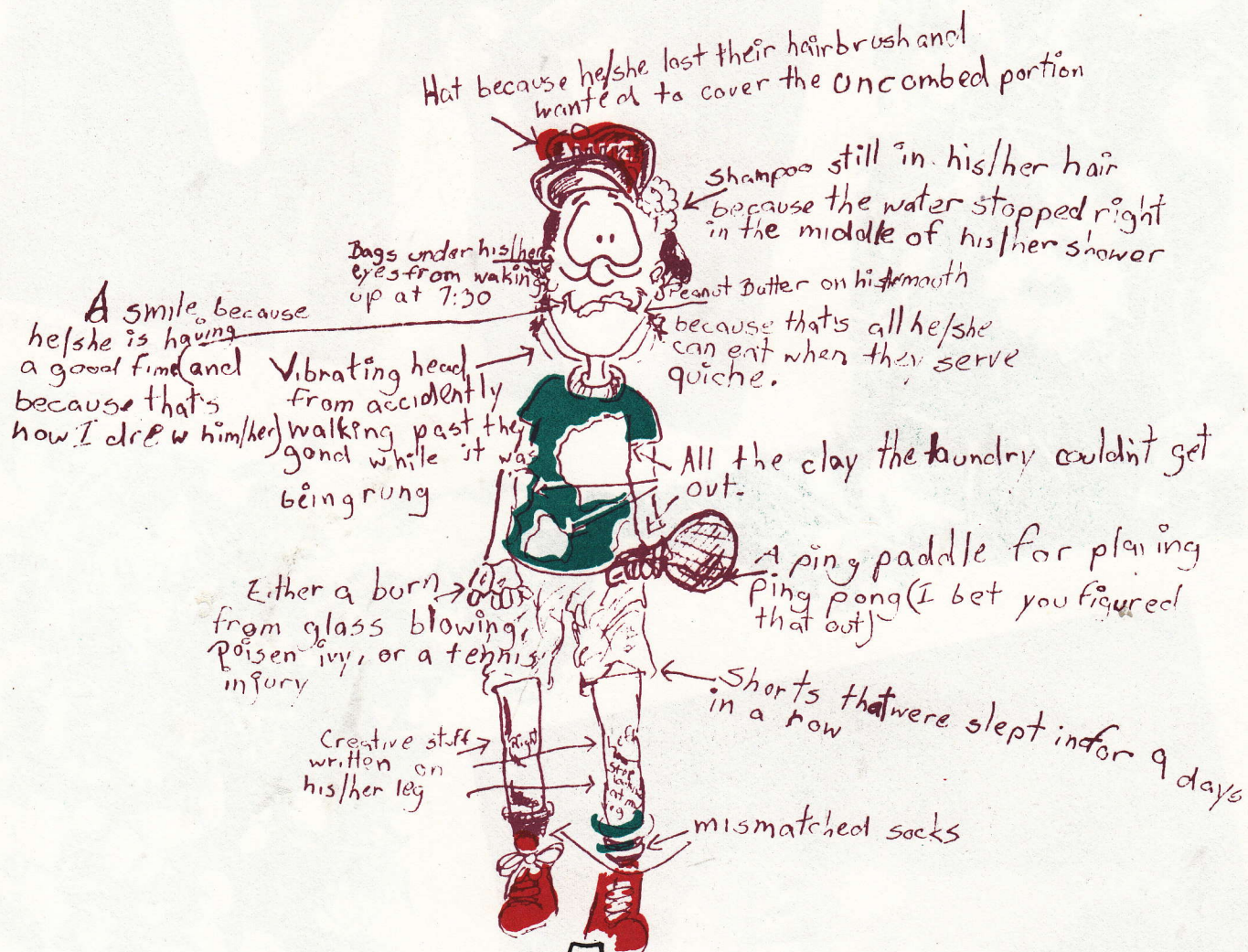


L
i
f
e

Up, black striped and
damasked like the chasuble
At a funeral mass, the
skunk's tail
Paraded the skunk
Night after night
I expected her
like a visitor

Seamus Heaney

Life



An Average Bucks Rock Camper



David
Person

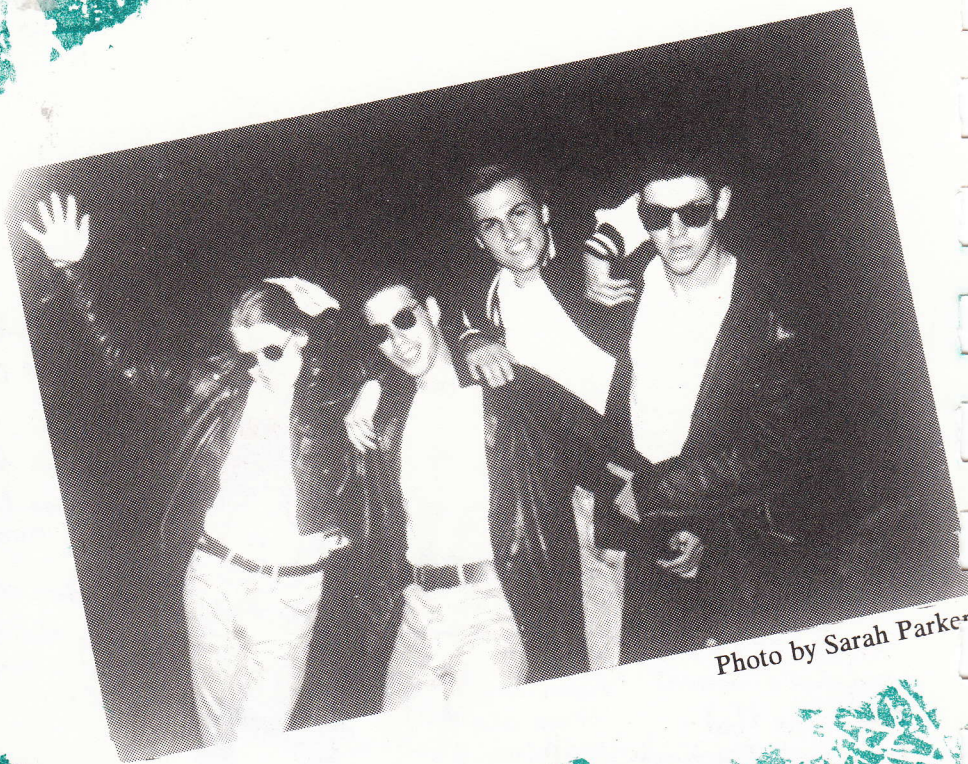


Photo by Sarah Parker

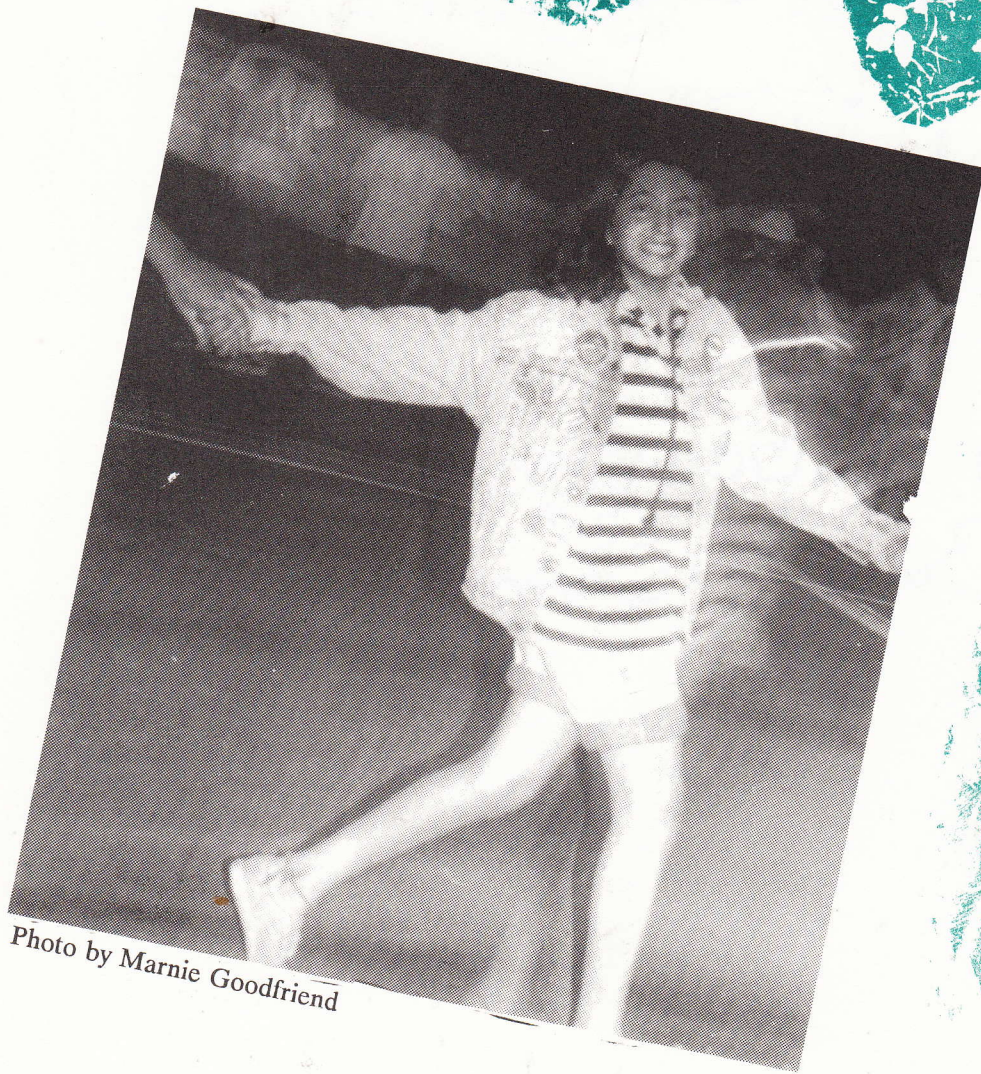


Photo by Marnie Goodfriend



Girls ' Terrace

Even though noise echoes through the terrace until the wee hours of the morning, the Terrace women have loads of fun no matter what time it is. But, the end of summer is here, and we must bid farewell to our beloved bunk. So I leave below a wish list:

MY WISHES FOR THE TERRACE

For all of the Terrace girls, I wish enough light after "put to bed" to do whatever did not get done during the day. I also wish for a permanent supply of food, a good exterminator, and that members of the opposite sex be able to cross the road and sit on our porch.

For all of our beloved house counselors, I wish an alarm clock that keeps repeating, "It's time to get up, girls," until everyone is awake. For Anita, I wish that she could have a permanent babysitter. For Julia, I wish that she could have an unlimited supply of insect repellent and NO MORE BUG BITES! For Julie, I wish the ability to be a counselor for two bunks at the same time. (I know that Girls' Annex Cabins misses you.) For Helen, I wish a library of her own, with all the great books she wanted to read this summer.

To the whole Terrace, I wish good luck and happiness. Until next summer, live long and prosper, and see you next year!

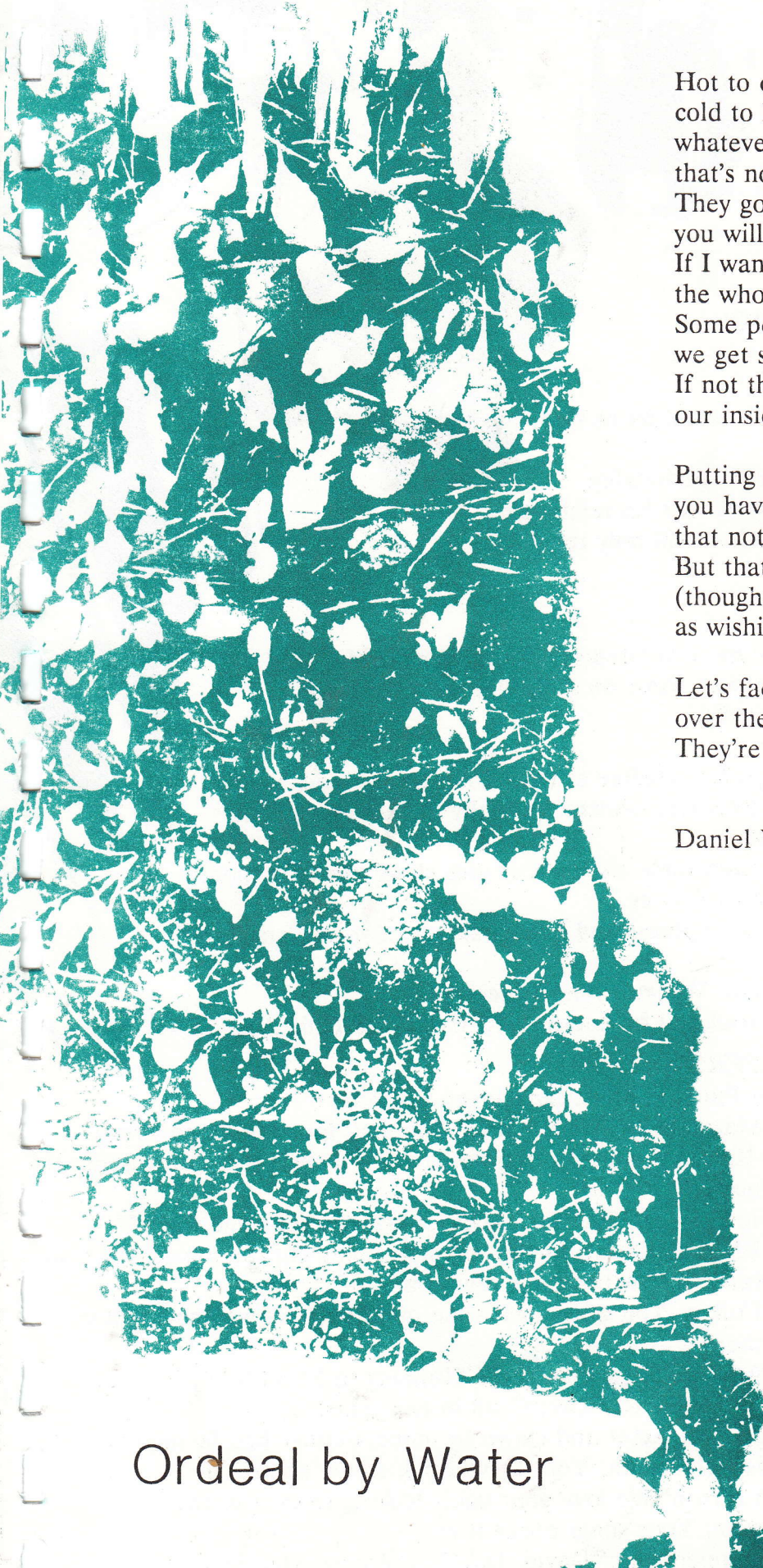
Erika Grumet



Photo by Joanna Icks



Photo by Jena Axelrod



Hot to cold,
cold to hot,
whatever you want --
that's not what you got.
They go from boiling to freezing, but try as you might,
you will not be able to get them just right.
If I want more, I get less,
the whole thing is a mess.
Some people like to sing in there...
we get singed in there.
If not that, it's so cold,
our insides literally fold.

Putting on some soap,
you have some hope,
that nothing will happen to you.
But that's as vain,
(though it causes me pain),
as wishing the night sky blue.

Let's face it --
over them we have no power.
They're the Buck's Rock Camp showers!

Daniel Walfish

Ordeal by Water

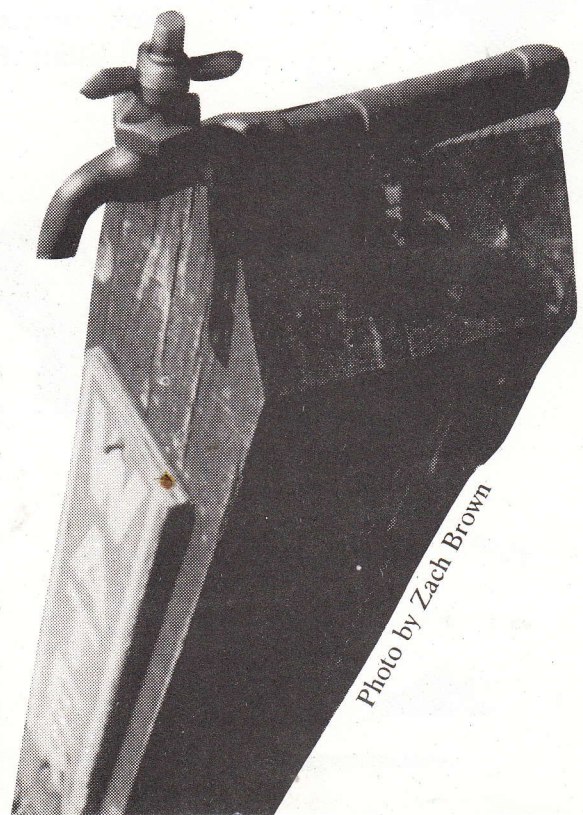


Photo by Zach Brown

Boys Annex

TO THE ANNEX:

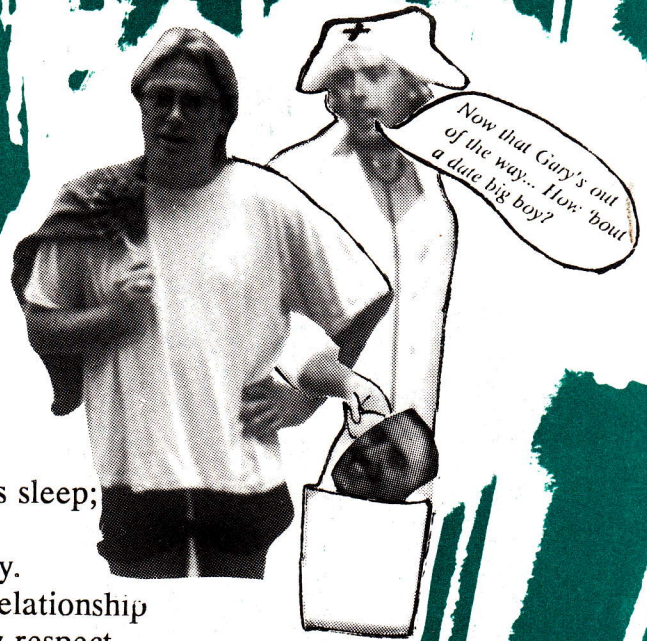
THIS IS JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING
BY WHICH TO REMEMBER EVERYONE.

(HOUSE) COUNSELORS:

Peter (Pee-ah) O'Leary: We wish that Pee-ah would let us sleep;
someone, somehow, wakes him up.

Marty Propper: Marty's age doesn't show in his personality.

Jamie Martino: At first, we only respected Jamie for his relationship
with Nieves. Now, after getting to know him, we still only respect
him for his relationship with Nieves.



ASSISTS:

Steve Ansell: Your musical talents constantly amaze us. And one day, when we hear your name on the radio, we will always remember "Moonchild."

Steve Goodings: ?

Peter Kelly: Though his carefree attitude towards life leads us to believe he is a careless Englishman, he really follows every Buck's Rock rule of the book.

Joe Iannuzzi: Although some eleven year olds shave more frequently than Joe, we love him anyway.

Ken Larson: Ken's abruptness and quick manner of speech startles us.

Mark "Brucie" Adlam: We wub you, Bwucie.

Paul Elliot: Paul's cool, but he doesn't understand the United States.

CAMPERS:

Marco Pinchot: What can we say, Gifford?

Nick Mazonowicz: With a name like that, how can he go wrong?

Jon Rubin: A theatre program is not a theatre program without the name, "Jon Rubin."

David Gilbert: "Shut up, David, so we can get some sleep."

Sean Elwood: Known for his infamous midnight red meat binges, we were fascinated with Sean's vegetarianism.

Alan Culkin: You were always the quiet one, yet we knew that you were there.

Dan Switkin: "Ziggy Stardust", "Running to Stand Still", "Patience" AND "Stairway to Heaven", all in two years.

Gregg Licht: Actor and clown by name, mother hen by nature.

Brandon Goldstein: Your Devil Stick ability amazes us.

Aaron Jarson: We love your dad's Rolex. Does it work?

Eli Simon: Your songs enchant us.

David Oppenheim: "David, David, where are you, David?"

Josh Blumberg: You've certainly added color to Annex.

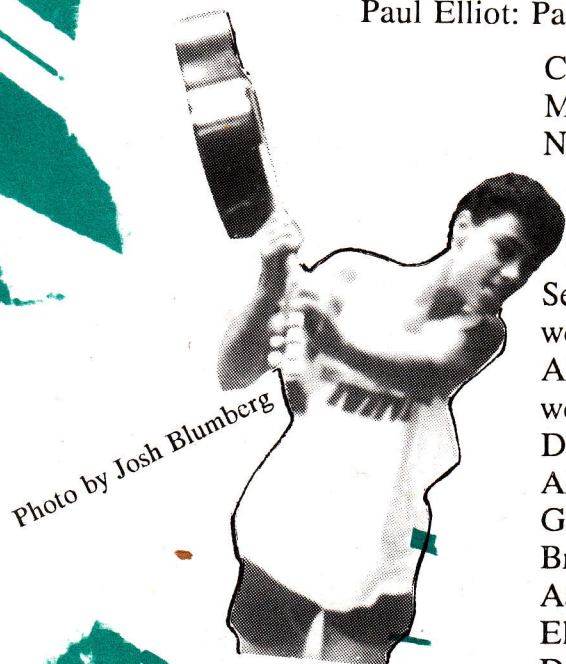


Photo by Josh Blumberg

Sam Hall: Your love for everyone astounds us all.

Dan Lefcourt: What a guitar! How long have you been playing?

Dan Walinsky: "Yes, I'll have a piece of your candy. Are you sure it's kosher?"

Matt Stromberg: C.I.T.'s, C.I.T.'s, C.I.T.'s

Zack Brown: No pair of shoes has gone through more.

Ari Dlugacz: You never cease to amaze us.

Rennie Jaffe: Your name has been on the bathroom wall more times than Gregg's.

David Goldman: What would Annex have done without you?

Brian Schneider: (see Ari Dlugacz)

Micha Campbell: You traveled a long way to get here. The entire bunk is glad you did.

Joe Boraski: We still can't catch you.

Chris Cortelyou: A summer at Buck's Rock would not have been a summer at Buck's Rock without hearing the name, Chris Cortelyou.

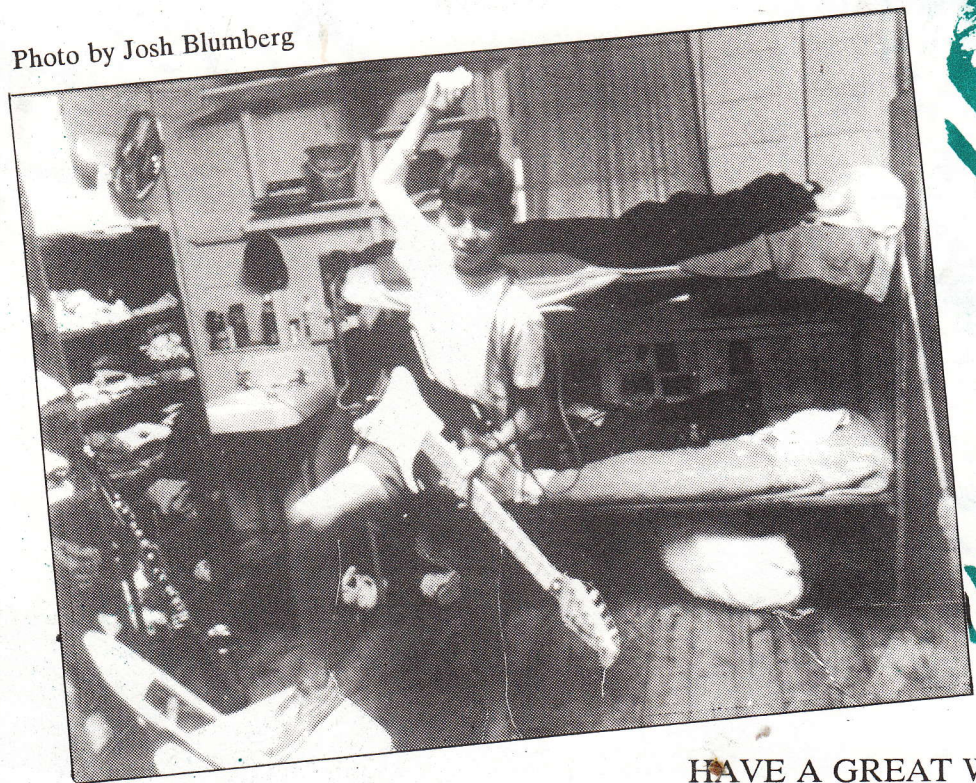
Alexander and Demetri: Ysdrasvidya. What? You don't understand Russian, either?

Alex Silver: Alex, Alex, Alex...Alex, Alex, Alex. Silver or Gold.

Jeffery Kizner: If Annex could blow glass as you can, the world would be full of glass.

Alex Koenigstein: The Annex appreciates your literary tastes to the utmost.

Photo by Josh Blumberg



HAVE A GREAT WINTER!

HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL NEXT SUMMER!

Signed,
THE ANNEX



Photo by Donna Griz

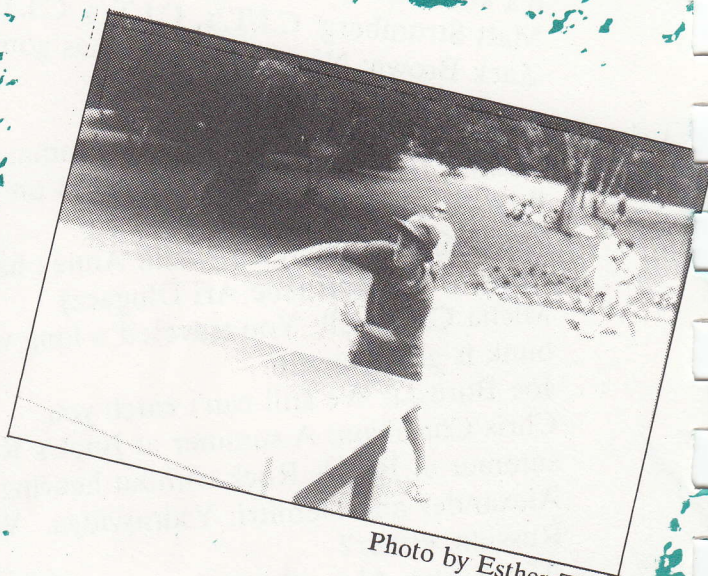


Photo by Esther Ting



Photo by Sally Sumer

Totempole



Photo by Simon Rosof

"Have you seen the pink elephant?" one camper asked another. Now this may seem like an odd question -- who would expect to see a pink elephant at Buck's Rock? Well, down at the Ceramics Shop, there is one on the totempole, along with a vampire, a turtle, a mouse and a dog.

On the Fourth of July, Ceramics was abuzz with campers sculpting enormous cylindrical pots which were thrown by the counselors a few days before. After the separate parts of the totempole were dry, they were fired and then painted with acrylics. Installed with cement and mortar outside the shop, the totempole will be a landmark of the the 1990 Ceramics Shop for future generations of potters at Buck's Rock.

Dina Gould

Hiroshima

A year ago, I spoke to you around the campfire and asked everybody to remember Hiroshima and its destruction by an atomic bomb. You responded and, thereby, joined the thousands and thousands of people all over the planet who pledged themselves to work for a world where such destruction will never occur.

These voices were heard. The danger of atomic war has receded. It has receded because the people convinced their leaders that an atomic war would mean not only the defeat of what they consider to be an enemy, but would inevitably lead to self-destruction. They were helped in their efforts by a growing desire of the people for self-determination, "Selbstbestimmung" in Germany, a new order "Perestroika" in Russia. They were aided by the threat of economic collapse. They were aided by the recognition that viewpoints and allegiances shift. The U.S.S.R. which had been a brave ally, had become an evil empire. Japan which had been an enemy to be destroyed at all costs, became a nation which developed into a successful, productive competitor. Germany tries to be a stabilizing force in Europe.

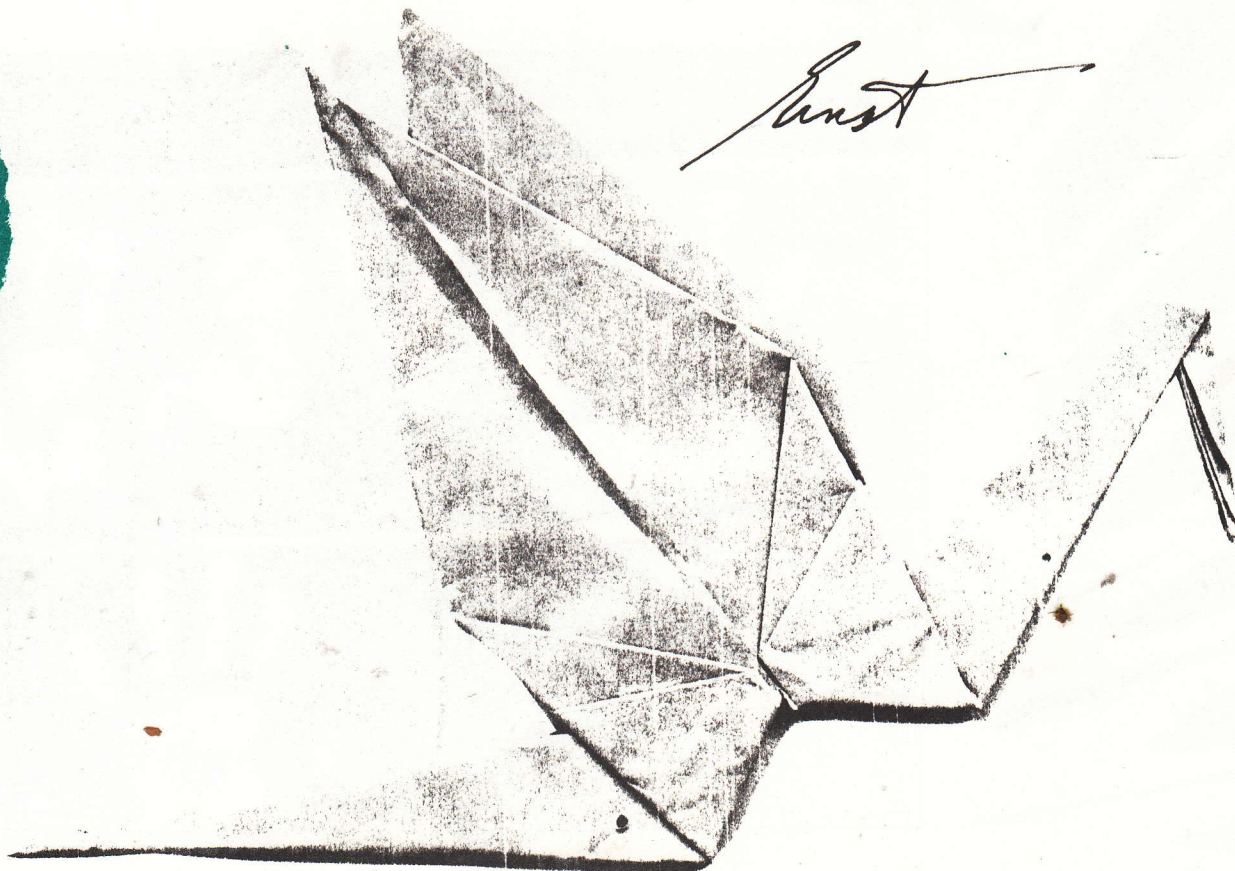
Has our task ended, has our goal been reached? Is universal peace in sight? Can today's Candelight Vigil be just a service to remember the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and with them the twenty million French and Russian, American and British and German dead, the six million Jews gassed and incinerated in death camps, transported there by German troops, aided by French and Polish and Latvian police? Is it just an evening of remembrance? Of course, we must not forget the past, we should remember all these victims tonight. But is all this now past history? Alas, it is not. The poisonous seed sown by those who constructed and mass-produced atomic weapons has borne poisonous fruit. They have given permission or even encouraged their native merchants of death, driven by greed and desire to make money, to sell weapons all over the globe. They have even, in many instances, provided the experts to supervise the construction of installations and to be advisors in the use of these imported arms. Just now, we are witnessing one nation, which we have helped to arm, occupy a smaller country for the possession of their oil wells. Our country is not alone being very indignant. Our government calls it "Naked Aggression". We and our allies call for sanctions. But who are we? Did we not take part in providing the means to bring about the events that we deplore? Have we forgotten the malaise of Vietnam, the defoliation of forest, the bombing of Cambodia? And should we not remember the young people who, by their protests, by their resistance, finally brought to an end an unjust, indefensible, unnecessary war of aggression of our own making? This is recent history. But as we look back across the centuries, at all the wars, all the misery, all the bloodshed, we should regard what we see as a warning and as a challenge. Of course, we are entitled to be encouraged by the magnificent achievements of humankind, admire the works of art and the miracles of medieval domes, be enchanted by music, be moved by Shakespearean plays, enjoy the discoveries that enrich our lives and all the achievements of modern technology, the conquest of air-space, the exploration of the universe, the eradication of so many diseases. It is a wonderful heritage. But that makes it all the more urgent that we join the ranks of those who want all people to reap at least some of these benefits and finally ban the wars that mar the history of man. It is a

monumental task and we are just a small group. You are not alone. You are joining the people all over the world who remember Hiroshima in the same spirit as you do tonight.

I am paraphrasing what I said to you last year on the Fourth of July. As long as poverty and inequality exist, we cannot rest. As long as democracy is distorted by demagoguery and false promises, we cannot be content. As long as corruption and corruptability occur, we must improve the forms of government. As long as there is abuse of power, as long as there are wars, often fought with weapons richer nations provided, we should suffer from bad dreams. As long as attempts are made to convert greed from a mortal sin to becoming an American virtue, we must watch out. As long as young people support murderous mafias and dealers by buying their drug products, and as long as they are encouraged to be violent by the history lessons in their classrooms, by what they see on television, by what is fed to them by the media, we should examine our practices. As long as our behavior is mainly determined by what is pleasurable, we should ask ourselves questions. As long as we forget that we are dependent on each other and do not add to the Declaration of Independence a Declaration of mutual Dependence, we remain blind to the realities of our world. As long as we forget our concern over the quality of our environment that we are part of the environment, we are mistaken.

Hiroshima Day is a Day of Remembrance. But it should also be a Day of Determination to work and live for a better world. The Berlin Wall has fallen but there are too many walls, too many frontiers left. They should become obsolete, symbols of the past to be replaced by the concept that this world is one world; that although we may be American, British, French, German citizens, we must become Citizens of the World, a world we have to build, joining the millions who share these convictions. Hiroshima Day, the day of remembering a past that should not be forgotten, should now develop into a day of devotion to the Future of Humankind. That future is you, that future is yours. Try to help shape it and the attempt will serve you well.

Euro





Allegra Boverman



Oriana Fox

The New Milford 8

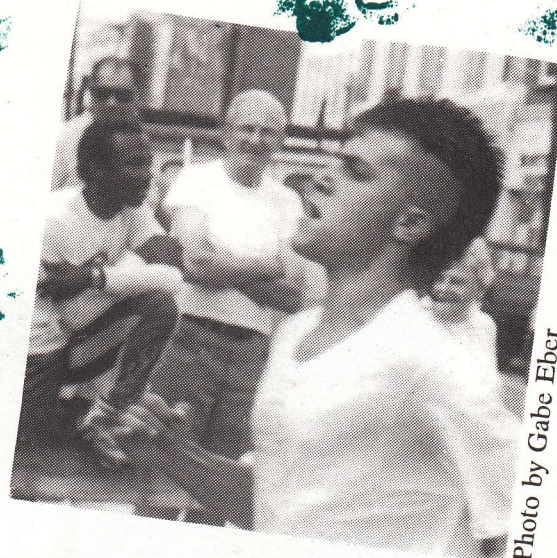


Photo by Gabe Eber

Once there was a time when there were no grueling 8 mile races over rolling countryside, and the people were happy for a while. But after a time they became discontent and dissatisfied. The people said, "We are discontent and dissatisfied. We want more!" And then some brilliant (or maybe not so brilliant) person said, "Why not create a grueling 8 mile race over rolling countryside?" And the people saw that it was good and so it was done. A grueling 8 mile race over rolling countryside was created. But the people were still not happy. They asked the creator of the race, "What shall we call this race, John Milford?" And John Milford answered, "Name it after me. We'll call it the New Milford 8." And the people were happy. The race was such a success that a town sprung up around the Starting Line, and thus the town of New Milford was born.

This story may or may not be true, but what is true is that a bunch of Buck's Rockers went to New Milford on Saturday, July 28, to run the grueling 8 mile race over rolling countryside, led by Jodi Hansen from Jewelry and Josh Danzig from Glass. We all had a great time. Special t-shirts were printed at Silkscreen to commemorate this great event, making it an unforgettable part of our summer.

Josh Trauner



Staff Photo

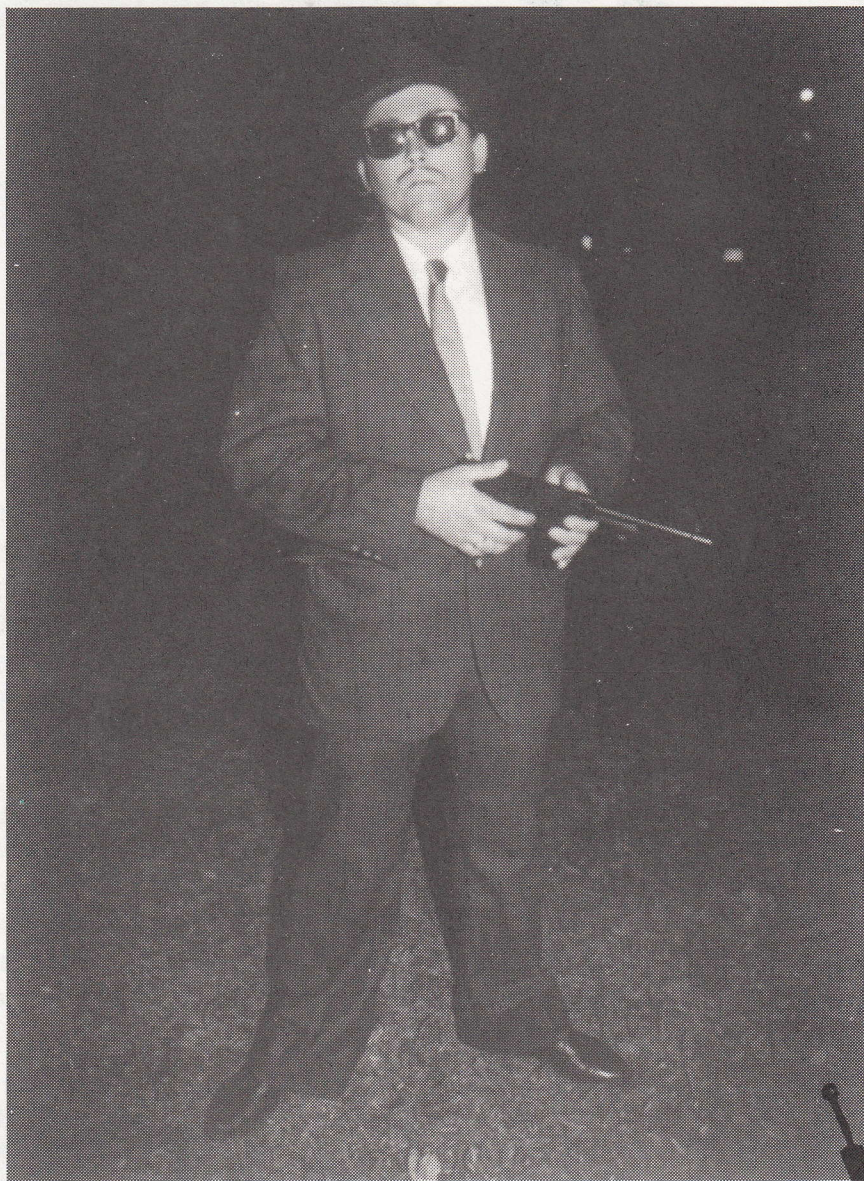


Photo by Esther Ting



Tickets Please

On Tuesday, the tenth of July, mystery was in the air. The Clown Shop was scheduled to go on a mystery trip directed and planned by Fred Yockers, head clown of the Clown Shop. Leaving from the porch at 5:15 p.m., we boarded a bus and headed toward our mystery location.

After travelling two hours, we arrived at our destination, The Big Apple Circus. Before the show, everyone bought popcorn, assorted candy, and souvenirs.

Finally, the moment everyone was waiting impatiently for: the beginning of the show! The ring master entered and introduced the show which was based on a Western theme. The highlights of the show were the clowns, the mimes, and an act in which one man flipped another into the air with only his feet! At the end of the show, we met the head clown, Grandma, whom we asked many questions. It turned out that Grandma was a male clown named Barry Lubin.

After this, we again boarded the bus and headed back to camp. This was really a fantastic trip.

Special thanks to Fred Yockers for his teachings in the art of clowning and for making this trip a memorable one.

by Adam Markovics and Ali Aron



Photo by Sally Sumer

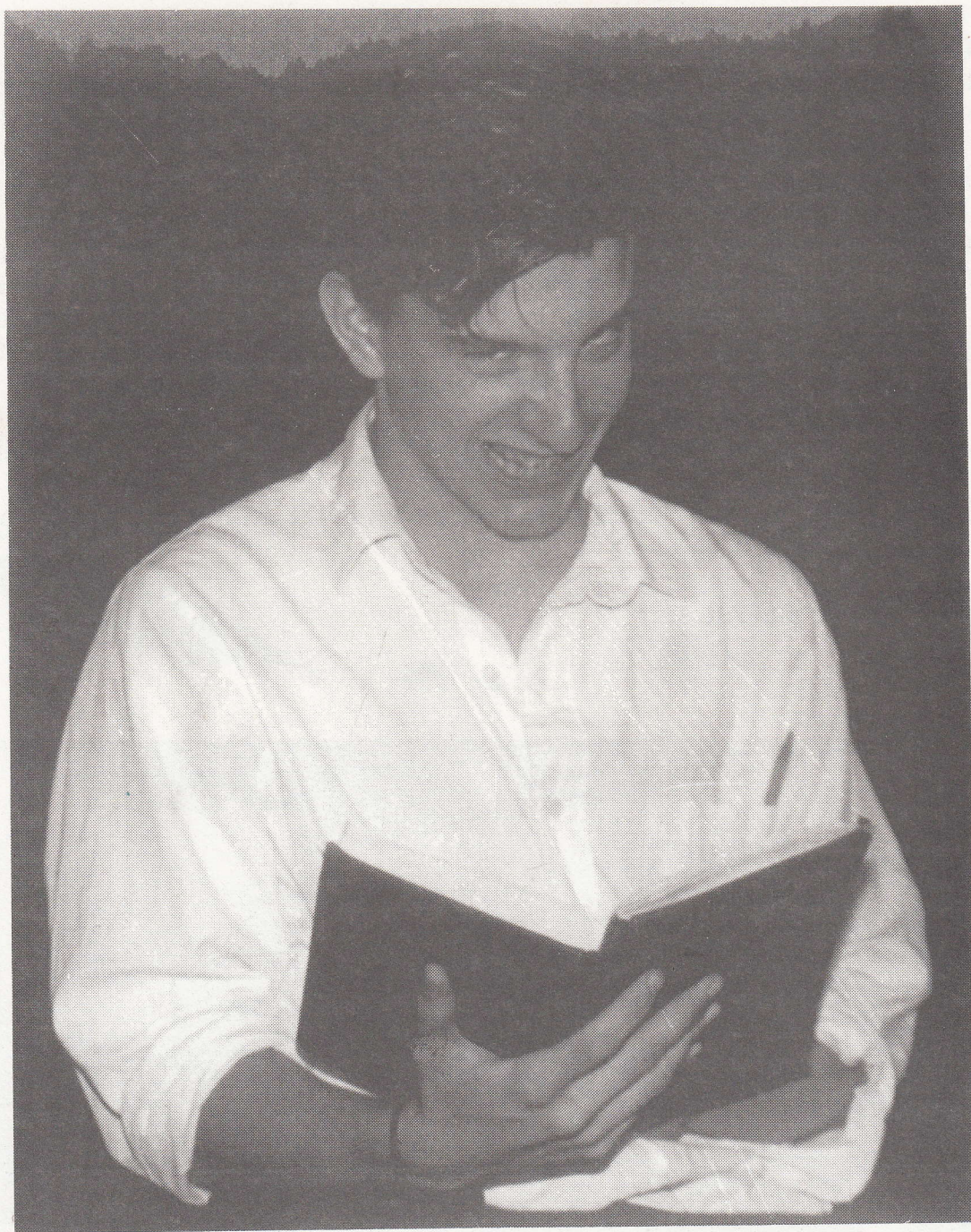


Photo by Marnie Goodfriend

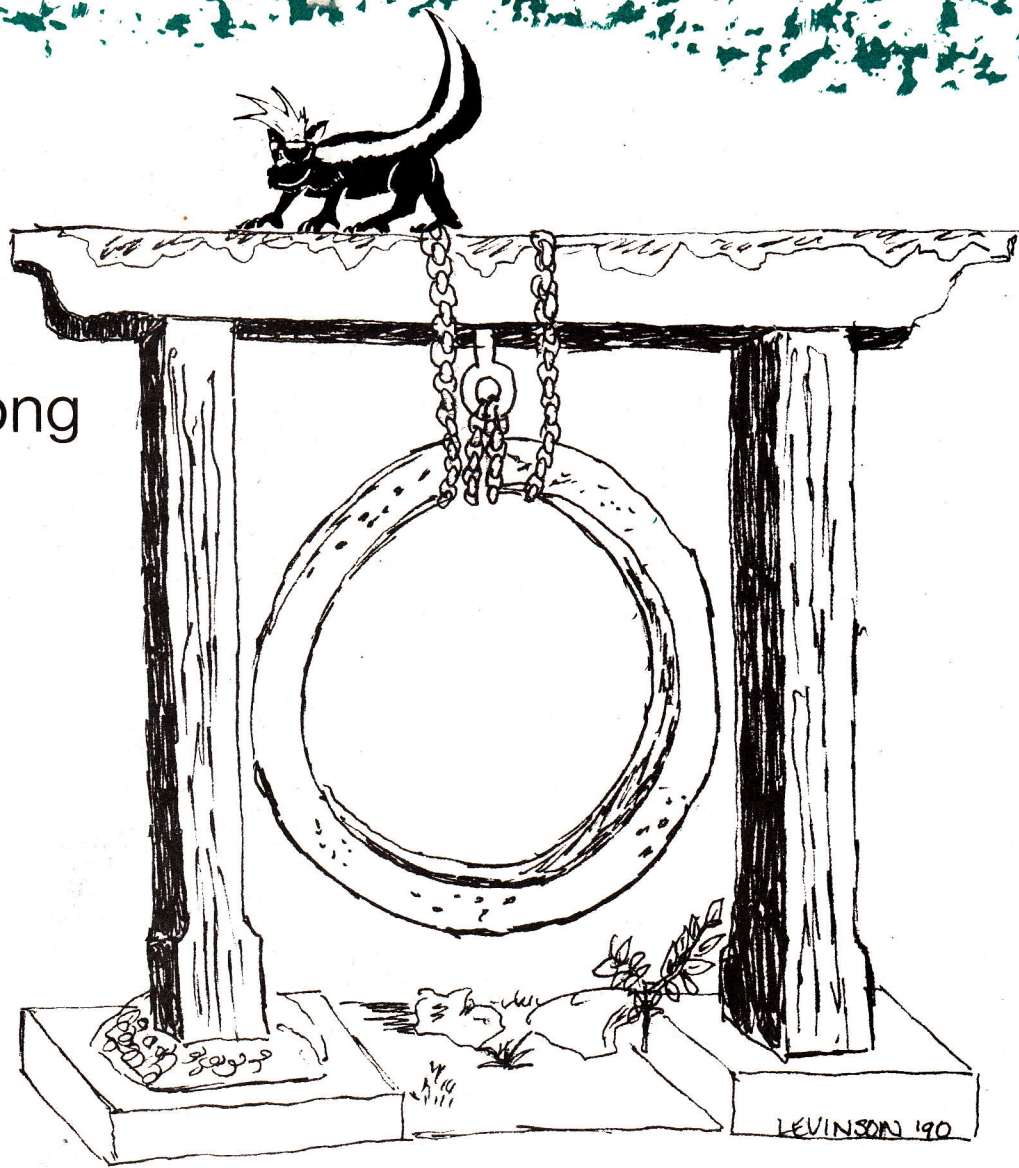
As presented by Charlie McWade
at the C.I.T. Show:

I loved you; yet you didn't love me.
That was a fatal error, you see!
So one night I crept into your house,
And I gleefully killed your unsuspecting spouse.
I took a rope and tied you tight,
And making sure the mood was right,
I lit a match and set you on fire.
Then out of my pocket I grabbed a plier.
I clipped your toes and your fingernails
And into your mouth I shoved some snails.
I left you alone as you started to burn.
You started to groan as I started to learn
The fire had spread to the rug!
So I extinguished it
And brought you to the pit I had dug.
Then I decided it would be a waste
If you were in a ditch for worms to taste
Your flesh so sweet
Your bone and meat
All your fat
And stuff like that.
So I brought you to my home safe and sound,
In the living room instead of the ground.
That was a year ago today,
And now I am watching you decay.
Your corpse is getting hard;
I can smell you from the backyard.
I don't think I want you anymore.
I can't make out your face because
It's all black and charred
And your carcass is stuck to the floor.
All you attract now is flies;
And even if one comes around you it dies.
So I think I definitely don't want you anymore.
Your hair is now black; it used to be red.
But you shouldn't care, 'cause now you are dead
And your hands are burned down to the core.
Your legs are a mess
(they've melted into your dress)
And your feet are two globs of goo;
But don't you fear,
You've been rotting for a year
And that's what's expected of you!

Charlie McWade

My
Dead
Darling

The Gong



It was 11:45 a.m on the first day of camp. I was wandering past the water fountain, still getting used to the new atmosphere. My parents suggested that we head to lunch before unpacking. They started talking about all the friends I would make, but before they could utter another word, a piercing noise suddenly startled us. After recovering from the migraine provoking noise, I turned around and saw a bulky man holding a large sledge hammer over his head. I came very close to fainting when I saw this; but I was too confused and curious to pass out.

I later found out that the towering metal structure that resembled a locomotive wheel was "The Gong", and that it is rung several times a day everyday. It was at that point when I thought to myself, "This is going to be one interesting summer."

written by
Adam Markovics



Photo by Zach Brown



Photo by Esther Ting

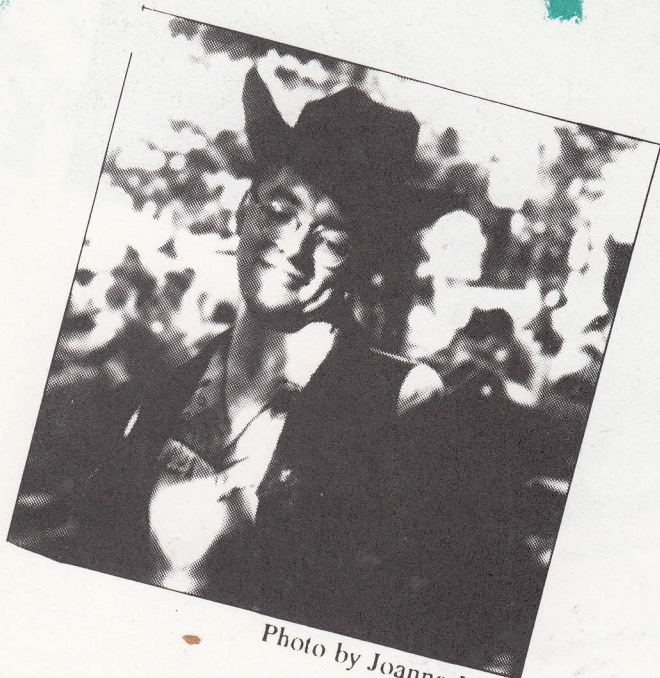


Photo by Joanna Icks

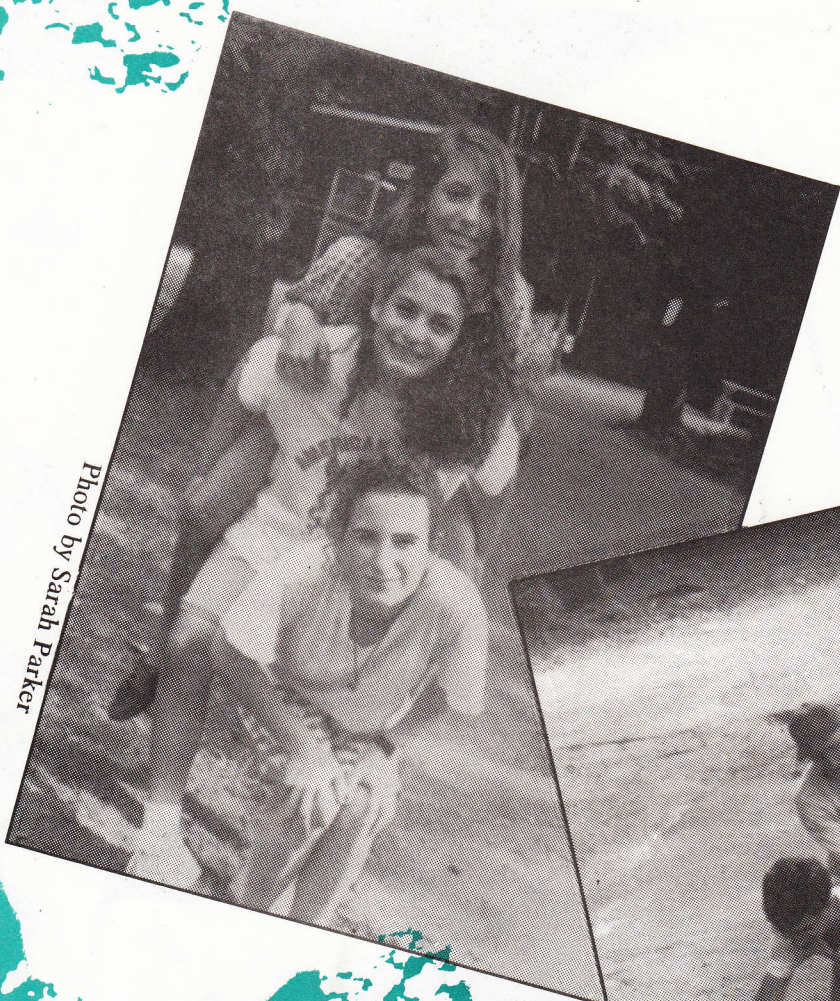


Photo by Sarah Parker



Marnie Goodfriend



Photo by Sally Simer

Camp Life

Orientation Day filled my mind with dreams of colorful batik, flutty weaving, symmetrical glass pieces, centered ceramics, and glossy 8x10's.

Now it is the sixth week of camp and I've done all of those things. There are still many other areas I'd like to explore, but I feel too tired to move. Everyone else is scurrying around, like cats chasing balls of yarn, trying to finish projects and thinking of starting new ones.

I sit down to rest for a minute and now I can't get up. The heat is atrocious. Eight weeks is more like eight months.

But one day is like five minutes. The song "Time Warp" is going through my head. I feel as though I'm wasting precious time just sitting here writing this "Camp Life" article. I ask other campers passing by if they've ever felt this way before and what they usually do about it.

Some people can push themselves up the hill to Weaving or Bargello, out of that state of lethargy. These two meditative activities allow you to think about why you are depressed or bored. Hey, you can do some deep thinking and you don't gain the weight you do by sitting in the bunk. With the creative energy flowing once more, one is ready to tackle a new challenge.

The lawn and the porch are also two big gathering places. People usually pair up at these areas to tell secrets or to recite poems to each other. Guitar playing also takes place on the lawn near the three rocks at the bottom of the hill.

Keeping a journal or diary helps these situations. When stuck in a pit of emotional quicksand, I write down how I feel. I am always amazed at how writing helps conquer those crazy feelings.

Wow! My theory proves correct. By writing this article, I have propelled myself out of that mood. Well, I'm off to start a box in Woodworking. If I don't finish it this year, so what? Next summer is only ten months away.

by
Jeni Aron

The Buck's Rock Bowl is the one, the only, number one, second to none, all out, brain cell burn up contest, produced, directed and mostly written by Ezra Kenigsberg. As a player and spectator, I can say that the game is fast-paced and is excellent fun. The wonderful world of mostly useless trivia is opened up to all who want to play. But please write Ezra some cards. You know he's getting desperate when he has to use two "Do You Know Buck's Rock Like I Know Buck's Rock?" cards in one game. So, before you come back to camp next year, learn everything you can about Star Trek and exercise your buzzer fingers.

Thank you, Ezra and everyone who wrote cards this summer.

Erika Grumet

Buck's Rock Bowl



David
Person

The CIT Çaga

In the beginning... shoes. Lots and lots of intermingled footwear. As we sorted and returned them, the language of bonding arose, bringing with it "Wokka-wokka, zoot, how's your mom?" and the such-like. Suddenly, our first task approached with break-neck speed. "It is time!" announced our mentors and sanseis. We attacked this great creature known as "Orientation" with malice and zeal. Then we rose to new heights with the advent of campers and the 'R' word. "Responsibility" echoed around camp and we all trudged off to work. Some of us even had the luxury of eating early meals every day. Little did we know that this luxury came with a task. Serving. Wasn't that fun!??? We worked, some of us now and then, some of us the required three hours, and others ten to fourteen hour shifts. But life was good, and we relaxed and basked in the warmth of our newly found happiness. Then, without warning, like a cold wind when you've just gotten out of the shower, snack blew in. Complete with the kitchen's culinary delights (**k' right, as if, not**) it was a time for us to vent our troubles and problems. And boy did we vent! Rain or shine we managed to meet and continuously defy the bedtime gong with a feeling of new found power. Had we reached Nirvana? Not just yet. One cold, July morning we packed up our stuff and headed out to brave the precipitous white water rapids of Satan's Kingdom. We laughed, we cried, we shivered. We also bled and thawed, but we kept that part quiet. Then came the supposed absolute zenith of our summer (Our's right?). Bastille crept up on us and peeked over our shoulders. "I'm here" it whispered. "Imagine..." us forgetting about Bastille. Thus began our long and drawn out practice of Vote! (or forever hold your peace). Fleen emerged straight from the earth (and the Summer Theatre's supply of 2x4's.) and quickly got filled with trash. For once, it seemed, everyone got mail! The French flag shone upon our uplifted faces as a small group appeared and announced, "Schluphie!". And we did. And so it was. Bastille passed like a fleeting image and we moved onto our next escapade of the summer, Show. Once again, we voted. And voted, and voted, and voted, on and on, in an endless stream of diversity. We called it talentTM, but were we asking you or telling you? Suddenly, a hiatus. A break. Finally, our moment in the sun had arrived. We all managed to trudge out of our beds at a bright and early 5:45. On to our buses we hopped. Thus began our sojourn to the big city. Burger King. We waited for what seemed like hours to catch a glimpse of what lunch looked like. Was it worth the wait? Debatable. Then, Rockport. We ate, we bonded, we SPENT. The beach. We walked the maze. Great!?! Then, to the bus with our fragrant substances. To the lovely Suisse Chalet we sped, only to find yet another meeting and broken phones. Showers! Pressure! Beds! HBO! Dinner was an experience. And, of course, our gang fight at the movie theatre. Dick Tracy died hard with arachnophobia. We laughed, we cried, we slept, and then we bowled. Once again, an utterance of "Schluphie" was heard, and we did. Harvard, and the aquarium, followed by the ominous Quincy. As we said our farewell to Boston and headed back to the buses, we reflected upon our purchases. Neat. Keen. Back to Camp. Finally, a night free of snack. Spiffy. We awoke, and realized in unison that once again our plans for organization had been thwarted and the Show was upon us. We managed to pull it together, and wasn't it bizarre? Chewbacca was, and always will be, tall. Now, as we approach the end, and the days speed by like grains of bug juice, we realize how much

we've actually done. Still to come is CIT Works and the pinnacle of the summer, Festival, but for now I think we'll live happily in the limbo of the three week stretch. Fellow CITs of the year Nineteen Hundred and Ninety, I'd like to bid you farewell and good luck.

Sincerely,

JenaSophieAllegraRachelKeriWendyJessicaMarnieDinaJenniferBeccaErinSaraAli
JoannaAddieNinaJessicaDeniseJenniferSaharHallieSarahEmilyJanVanessaNadineBeth
BlairJessicaJodiTheaRebeccaKarynDebbieGabriellaMichelleLaurenCharliePaulJordan
ChrisAustinGabeDanJasonJonSeanJasonMikeJasonLeeAlexJudeJoshCharlieBenMattAlex
DaveBenjiJoshEvanJoshSteveJason

P.S. You can't touch this. (Unless it's your victim.)

Evan D. Thayer
M. D. Hammer



Marnie Goodfriend

Welcome

Smiling, I can feel the warmth of the sun
Remembering the last time
This feeling had begun.

Once, scared to come out of my shell
I am now delighted to tell

Of days, filled with art, photo and batik
Knowing
Whenever I want, I may go and seek
sewing, or glassblowing.

Moonlit nights filled with song
until the sound of the put to bed gong.
Learning new skills everyday
is such a thrill, in everyway.

Freedom to sing, to act, to love.

Through a day of fun and laughter
each day and every one after
I can now uncover
that each day is a DAY TO DISCOVER.

Elisa Leimsider

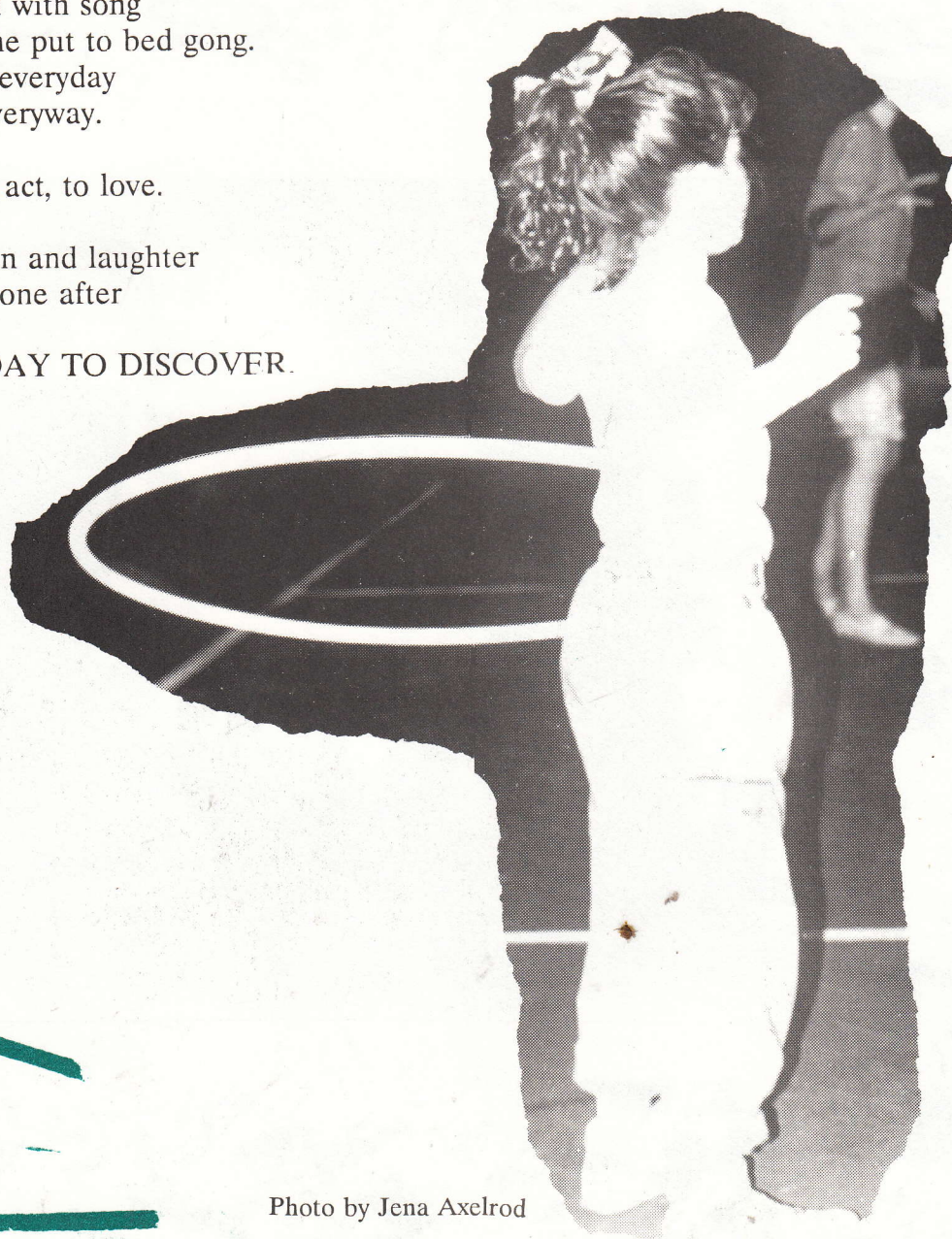
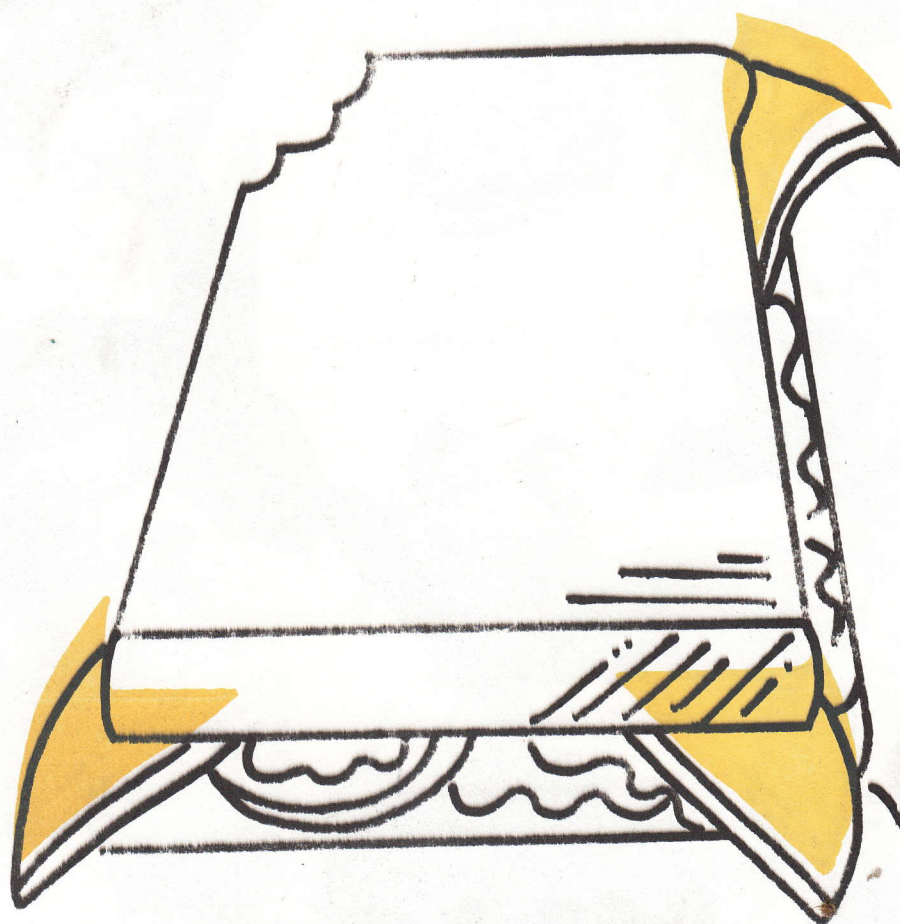


Photo by Jena Axelrod

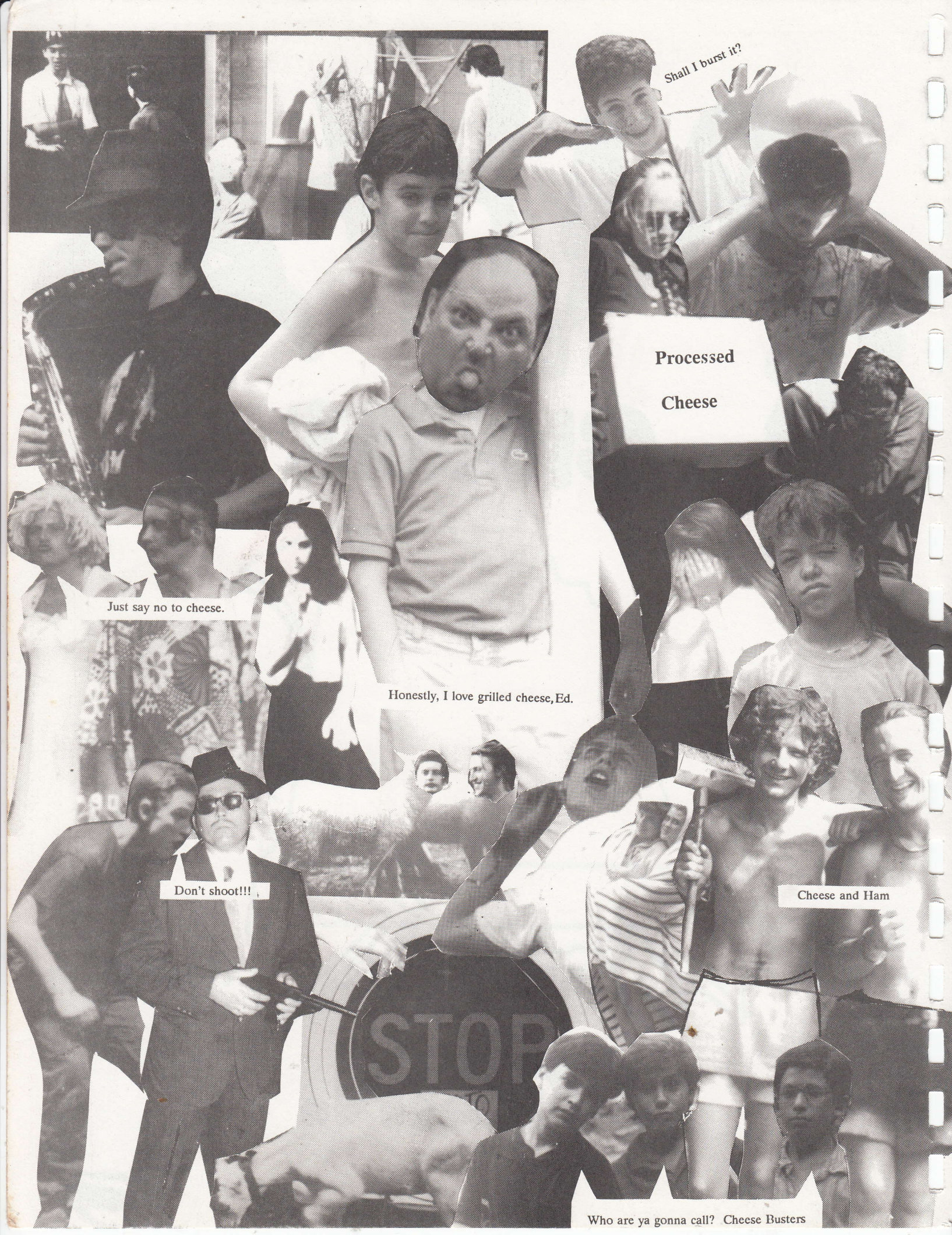
GRILLED CHEESE



Vin
Srisado
190

AGAIN.





Shall I burst it?

Processed Cheese

Just say no to cheese.

Honestly, I love grilled cheese, Ed.

Don't shoot!!!

Cheese and Ham

Who are ya gonna call? Cheese Busters



Look! Cheese!

Catch him!

Did you eat some cheese?

Say cheese.

I zink I have cheese in mein ear.

It's o.k.
There's enough
cheese for everybody.

I hate cheese.

Toe cheese



Photo by Esther Ting

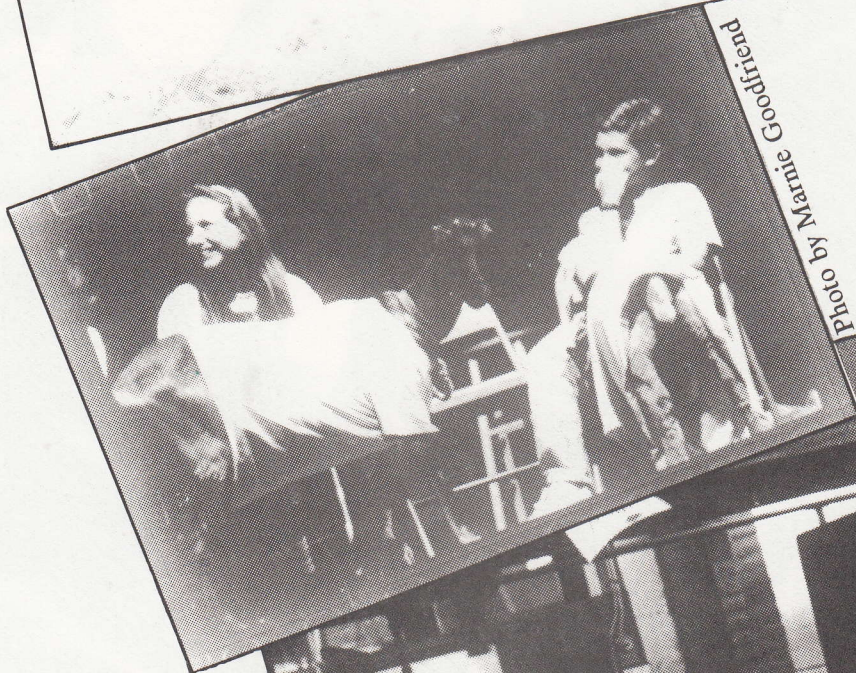


Photo by Marie Goodfriend

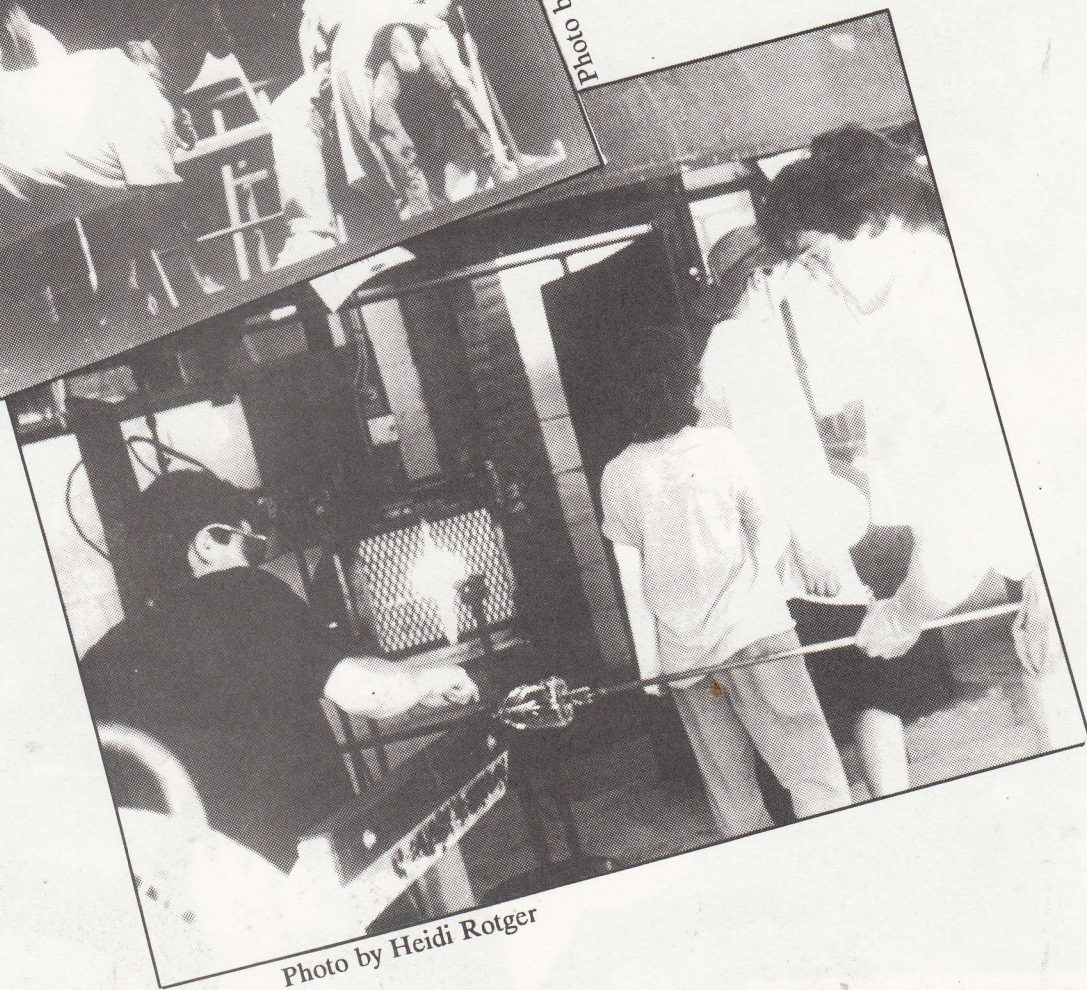


Photo by Heidi Rotger



Girls' House Upstairs

Girls' House Downstairs





Girls' Annex 1

Girls' Annex 2





Girls' Amnery Cabins

Girls Cabins





Girls' Tennis I

Girls' Terrace 2





August Girls

August Boys





Boys' Annex

Boys' Shops





Boys Cabins Downstairs

Boys' Cabins Upstairs





٧١٢٠٢



JCA

Office



The People's Choice Award



The Buck's Rock Nightingales



Hey I like utterly refuse to
smile until you spell
"MAINTENANCE"
correctly!

Maintenance



Kitchen Staff



Staff Families

Missing Links



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This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me--

--Emily Dickinson



Art and Layout Co-editor

This was my first summer at Buck's Rock. I came from Florida, alone, and I'm leaving with a million different friends and memories. I think I learned more this summer than in my past ten years of school. Some of what I learned was painful. This summer, for the first time, I faced the reality of death, when my eighteen year old cat, Simmy, died. When I heard about it, I felt very alone and far away from my family and everyone I love. But over the past few weeks, I realized how many good friends I have here, and how lucky I am to have so many people who care about me. Death makes a person appreciate life more.

Many good things happened to me this summer, too. The Pub Shop was one of them. Thank you Susi and Jen and Laura and Sandro and Andy and Liz and Lynda and Kim and Bob and Ian and Jonas and Sara and Dan and Jason and Mike and all the other Pubbies for introducing me to the wonderful world of publication. The hours I spent pasting up, X-acto knifing, deciding colors, and "PMTing" were some of the happiest and most productive of my summer.

Working on the yearbook staff has shown me just how much can be accomplished if people work together. I may not go home with a million different projects, but I can pick up our yearbook and say I was part of the group that made it. We took the experiences of one summer and made them into a book that we can pick up in ten, twenty, or thirty years and remember the summer of 1990. That's something to be proud of.

Love to: Jen Hannah Vanessa Rachael Craig Josh Natalie Brie Emily Christina Marissa Lia Wendy Brian Sarah Del Terrace Mom Dad Puff Tippy Sis and Billy Idol.

Amy Tsikoff

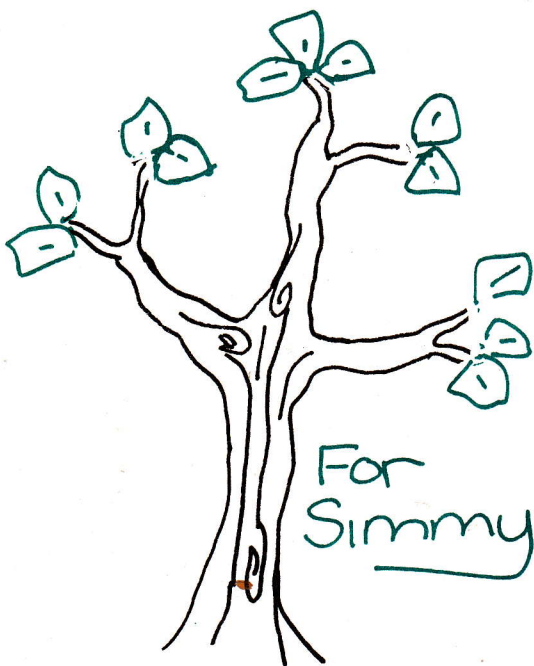


Photo by Tamara C. Laggurt

Co-Art & Layout Editor

I've been trying to think of the thing or things that I like most about Pub, and I've decided. My favorite part is the smell: the almost sweet-spicy scent that swirls and sifts through the air, finally settling on the the piles of paper, perpetually stacked on various tables. I also like the sound of music always playing (even though there are always fights over what gets played, and certain favorite tapes dissappear mysteriously -- who knows where they go?). The sound of the presses printing (muting out the music) is also comforting. It reminds me of the sound of windshield wipers swooshing on a rainy day while people in the car drift off to sleep.

My time as an editor has been -- I guess I'll go ahead and be corny -- a "learning experience". And because the layout counselors invariably wanted to stray from the "things we do every year", this yearbook has turned out to be original and different from the yearbook "we do every year". After all, everyone wants the yearbook to be different and memorable, because (hopefully) it will be something we all keep far into the future.

SARA KRAMER



Allegra Boverman

Comic Layout Editor



Production Editor

Oh, no! Not another editorial!

Here I sit, pen in hand
empty page, don't understand...

What to say? Ain't got a clue
just something I gotta do.

Year to cover, lines to fill
Late night rhyming's got me ill.

One at night, last resort.
Don't you think I'm cutting it short?

Deadlines, due dates 'round my head.
Pub Shop's gonna kill me dead.

Stop messing around, gotta start.
But all this pressure's just a part
of how Pub Shop really is.

Wait a second! That doesn't rhyme!
Where have I been spending all my time?
(certainly not in poetry workshops)

Too much production on my brain --
It has "offset" my concentration, wouldn't you say?

And since my rhyming ability has diminished,
I think I'll stop and call this finished.

OH MY GOD, I DID IT!!!

Thank you to all the people who helped me write this editorial. I truly appreciate it. Also, I am grateful to all the people who gave me the chance to be production editor. And of course, thanks to all the Pabbies: I love you guys!!!



OUR
LITTLE
GREGGY!!

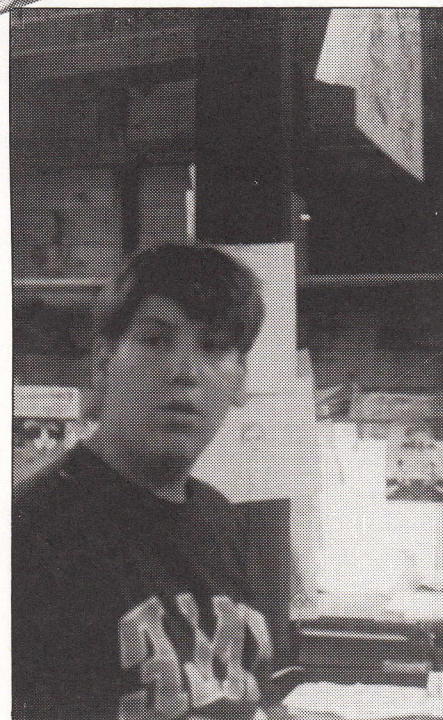


Photo by Joanna Icks

Gregory Licht

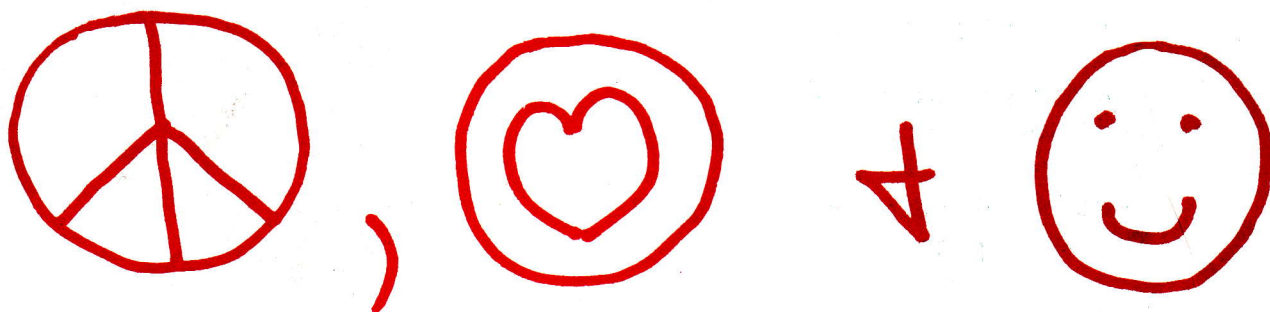
Co-Production Editor

My editorial was going to be about camp, and what an incredible summer this was, and how all the people are wonderful, and how fortunate we are to have a camp like Buck's Rock. But, that didn't happen. Then my editorial was going to be about the world and the screwed up state it's in right now, and how our generation should try to improve the planet when it becomes our time and opportunity to do so. But, that didn't happen either.

I guess if we took all the global leaders and plopped them down at Buck's Rock for two months, there would be no more war. Instead, they would all be trying to figure out how to jam a lifetime of great stuff into an eight week period. They would be too busy to think of how to mess up the planet.

And, after two months in the Buck's Rock atmosphere (for I must admit we have a unique kind of feeling going here) they would be changed people.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that we've got a very special place here. May we all remember the summer of 1990, and may the memories stay with us forever.



Lisa

Moral

Buck's Rock,

I have been coming to this camp for three summers. They have been the best three summers of my life. I think about Buck's Rock and I think about the unity of the people here. I think about the friendly attitudes of the campers, C.I.T.'s, J.C.'s, and counselors. I think about starting school again in the fall. I think about how cruel school is. There is so much ignorance in my school, as I'm sure there is in yours. Don't forget about your experiences this summer. Don't forget the equality of the people here. Don't go and look down upon people once you are back at home. Don't compromise your values for any reasons. Never do something you know is wrong. Be whoever you feel like being, no matter what the chumps say.

Peace goes out to the Mofo Posse, The Machos, Chewbacca, Roland, Kwame, all monkeys, Posdnous, Trugoy, Mase, the number 3, Q-Tip, Phife, Jarobi, Ali, Fruity, Shnip Shnop, The Moochies, Boba Fett, William Jennings Bryan Elementary School, Miami, the Dolphins, Canes, Heat, the Twins, Kirby Puckett, Jay 90, Ricardo Ingram, the C.I.T.'s, THE PUB, all the Star Wars players, Mr. Furley, Trauner, Ben, Uncle Jesse, and Gravy.

My love goes out to Nana, Mom, Dad, Shuddah Beah, Andy Pandy, Ry-pie, Ronnie Ponnie, Grandma and Grandpa, Dana and Carrie, Ari, David, Laura and Efrem, Dave, Josh, Casey, Matt, Daniela, Smokey, H.A. and Bob, Medgar Evers, Sesame Street, Uncle Reese, Aunt Kitsy Witsy Bitsy, Leslie, Morgan, Alan, Aunts Winnie and Ginny, and the positive tip.

Your pal,

DAN
WEN



Support Effort

OUT OF THE DARKROOM

PHOTO EDITORIAL

I figured a picture with my name under it could not possibly sum up the whole summer. So I'll try my best to do it in a few paragraphs.

Pub shop, I love you guys and the tangerine scent of your shop. I got my exercise these past few weeks walking back and forth a few million times each day.

Photo Shop, where do I begin? Even we could not capture all the memories on film. Lazy, hazy, days in the film loading closet (yuk!), radio rights, and bulk loading (a favorite pastime). To Amy, thanks so much for everything: for all that I know in photo and the shoulder to lean on. Ez, lots of assistance (even when I didn't need it, I appreciated it), allergic reactions and Calamine lotion (thanx for the zipped lips), and knowing every sound and word on every Talking Heads tape. Alison, thanks for taking care of every girl camper from Girls' House Upstairs and Downstairs. How do you get your prints to be so PERFECT?! Caroline, Alpha Bits and Captain Crunch, Cat Stevens, solved problems (thanks) and a little bunny named Marty. Seth, sexy man, I love ya, learn to control your desire for long lens and neat gadgets. I'll miss your dancing, hugs, and horsy rides. And lastly my co's: Sock-it-to-me Sa-Sa, buddy, buddy, don't you know you make me go nutty, dancing on the photo porch, James Brown (aweeo- I feel good), trench coats and bathroom trips at 4 a.m., zzzzz in the Leather Shop, o.k. enough, I could go on forever. Gabe (a.k.a. Sexy), Bandana Rambo Man, let's not be too technical (no, not you), get a right foot, o.k.? Jena (Mommy), I love you forever, don't forget it, nine years, we've had some amazing times, Snoopy, pregnant woman, should we go for another Toad's Place reunion? Your place or mine? Dad says "ARRGGHH!"

To Jan, let me hang you from the shower rods and tell you this, "ILUVYOU!", The Camel Strikes Back, MLH (I'll never forget it), TJDPN(J?), that's quite a handful. Thanks for keeping me sane, Joshy (Danzig): love you, sweetheart! I'm going to sew your mouth shut, "Biiig Frankie," may the sun always shine through your window, stress is in the air, Orange Fruity Niblets, to my laundry detergent, I'm gonna miss you and your Muppets bandana, good thing I have your plaid shirt to remember you by. Joshua (Lustig), thanks for your open arm and shirt to dry my tears on, that dog picture is yours, get used to taking the train to Stamford, often. Matt, my big bro, take me to the bathroom (miss you too). Noah, I owe you a large pair of socks, you can keep my onion clothes, I guess you're not as dumb as you look (luvya). To all CIT's, it's been incredible. My undying love to you all.

Marnie

PHOTO EDITORIAL

Well, the time has come for me to write this editorial. I've been putting it off for some time because it's very hard to express everything I'm feeling on one piece of paper.

Working in the Photo Shop -- we laughed, we cried, we sang, we danced, and we ate ices. We had small battles and sometimes, but not often, we had larger battles. Mostly we had fun. Seth, you know I love to hug you because you're so sexy. Gabe, hot lips, I'll miss your sardonic grin. Ez, one piece of advice for you, CRYPTONITE!!! Amy, do me a favor next time you're roller skating in Venice Beach; do be careful. Caroline, naptime and getting snack was fun. Allison, expect a book from me on your birthday. Marn, I'll miss dancing on the table and coloring. (I'm coming to your house this year.) Jena, such a good mommy. Jesus loves you and so do I. (We have to get together and bitch). Photo is fun! Oh, I almost forgot -- Snap, Flash, Click, and Zoom, I'll miss you. Our relationship was so special.

To my Mommy and brother, I ask, "When is the next family reunion?" because you and my buddies make me so happy. "B" stands for Bronco Benz.... Matt, my little cuz, such a cutie; you've just got to love him. Dougie, don't feel that you have to submit to the pressure at *The Rock* and put on a skirt because they're comfortable. Barry, give your hair this message, "gfhghghghughghghyd." Josh, I really like eating dinner with you simply because it's fun. I could go on for a long time but I won't. Thanks to so many people I didn't mention. This summer was an experience I shall remember fondly! It made me happy.

Love,


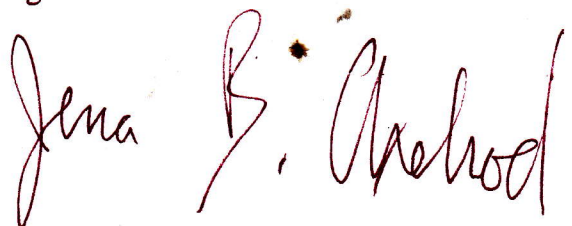


PHOTO EDITORIAL

I'd like to begin by thanking the photo staff for selflessly volunteering their C.I.T.'s. I'd like to give credit to Caroline Werner and a big hug to Seth Gitner, the man with the long lens who can quickly make the dream that obsesses you come true. To A.K., I want a picture of you in that costume -- BOOM. Hey, Sillyhead, Sexy and the Star Solid Gold Dancer: it was great working with you. Let's vogue again sometime. Amy, Allison and Ezra, thanks for all of your help (E.K. even when I didn't really need it). Next time let's put up a few more signs around the shop. No more camera shoots. Bulk Loading what a joy. Mixing chemistry -- what did she mean? I want box 13. Everyone, thanks for being so understanding and flexible with the schedule. Could you lift up that cup of water so I can put this dry area sign down? William and Wilma.



A TRANSCRIPT OF THE FINAL ORATORY OF
25% OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITORIAL STAFF

The magic of Buck's Rock -- hard to capture on film, isn't it? By the time you read these words, camp '90 will have been over for a day, days, weeks, or one hundred years. "When Shadows Leave"... draw your own meanings: are shadows leaving us or are we leaving the shadows? Hmmm... Wilma, my darling, we ARE art!!!!

Thanks to everyone, for I believe that the yearbook is a product of us all. To everyone at Photo -- we have indeed siezed the day... and then solarized it. And remember, if a picture is worth a thousand words, then the "Unclaimed Photos" box is War and Peace.

Calvin

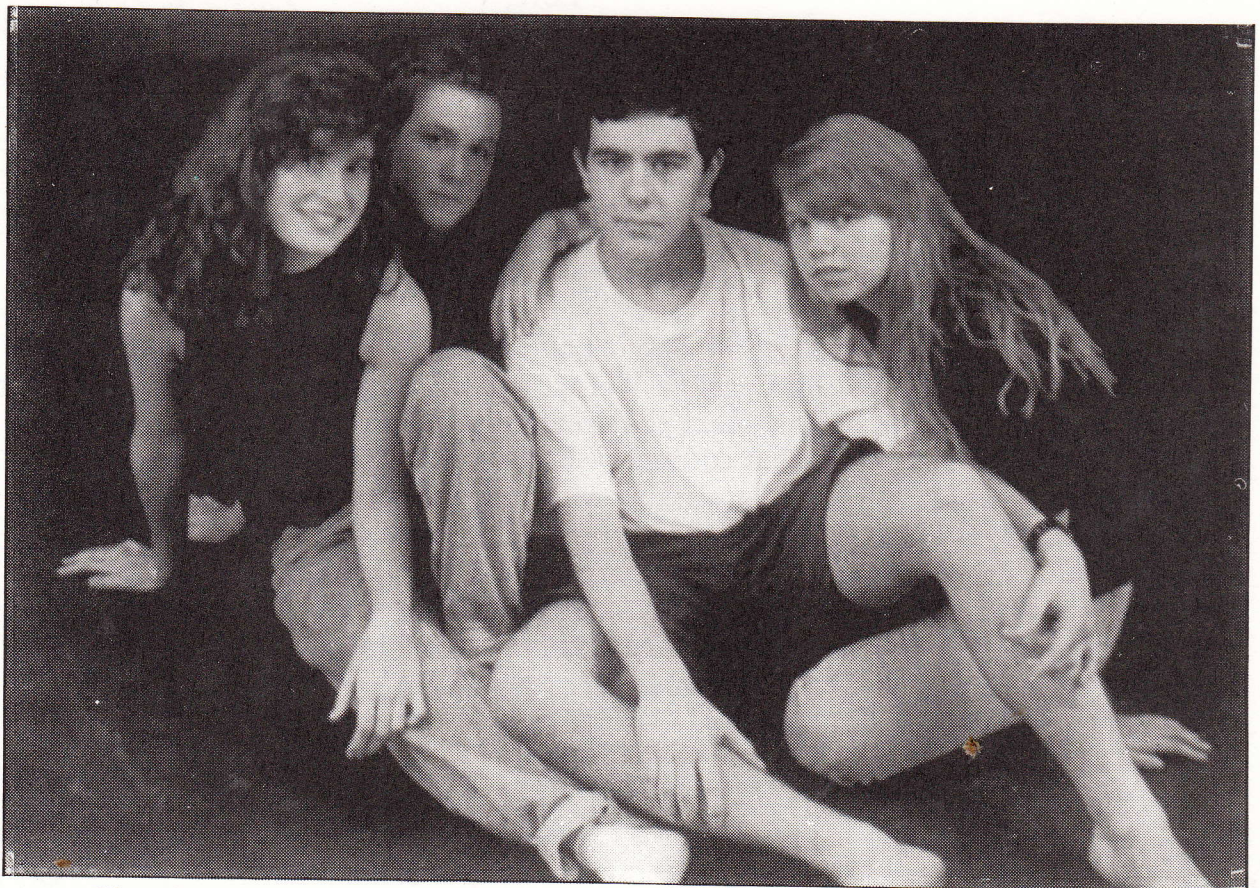


Photo by Sally Sumer

F

We shall not cease from
• exploration,



At the end of all our
exploring

Will be to arrive where
we started



And know the place
for the first time.

-T.S. Eliot

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Photo by Marnie Goodfriend

A Note From the Directors

There is some sort of magic that happens at Buck's Rock which no one seems to fully understand. During the autumn, there is an explosion of color and texture, as Nature puts on her Festival. In winter, a white area rug is casually tossed over the dormant landscape, painting a scene of virtual desolation. Coming out of hiding, spring stretches, slowly anticipating our arrival.

It is not until we turn up Buck's Rock Road, however, that camp actually begins to breathe. Up until this moment, Buck's Rock never existed for us, except in memory. Suddenly, the family is recreating itself.

Since the magic does not spring from the empty buildings, trees, or equipment in the shops, this phenomenon, which we call Buck's Rock, must come from the people who join together each summer.

It is all so haphazard, seeming to be without rhyme or reason. Yet each summer is its own unique experience, differing from all the others in scope and temperament -- and for the best of all reasons: because the people are different. Returning campers are a year older and wiser. They've come back to recapture past experiences and take on new challenges. Campers at Buck's Rock for the first time, test their own sense of adventure and seek the fulfillment of promises.

Somehow it all happens, just as it did this summer.

We all came here for specific purposes. If this was to be a "summer to discover," then we were eager to make that happen. Staff members would try to share their experiences and talents, C.I.T.'s would take the first tentative steps that every instructor must take, campers would be open and willing to accept it all. A structure, designed by a great visionary 48 years ago, would once again be in place, hidden from all but the keenest observers.

In this summer's production of Brecht on Brecht, the following lines were particularly striking: "The house will be built with stone that happens to be there...The picture will be painted with paint that happens to be there."

It always seems that things here at Buck's Rock just "happen to be there." Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, most of the components to this structure took the entire year to put in place. The campers chosen -- the staff selected -- the materials and supplies ordered....No, the things built, music rehearsed, lines memorized, paintings painted, sculptures sculpted, animals adopted -- none of this just happened to be there.

Yet all these things, brought into one place, still do not explain the creation of the Buck's Rock experience. How, in fact, are all these friendships created? Why do they last into adulthood? What is so special about this place that brings people back year after year? Some come back because they want to renew these wonderful friendships. Some relive the remarkable experiences. Others explore more advanced techniques in their areas of interest or create new ones.

As the camp season closes, it is probably premature to assess your summer experience. As time passes by, and the temperature falls, it might be interesting to try to determine what this summer has meant to you. Can you understand the journey you've taken? Can you think of all the opportunities you had before you, and whether you took

advantage of them? Did you leave behind some "unfinished business?" Can you possibly measure how much you grew?

It may be years until your time at Buck's Rock will weave its spell on your personality. Changes often happen subtly and in small steps. But there is a tendency to demand immediate gratification from an experience. It is tempting to say, "What did I really get out of this? What was in it for me?"

Sometimes our rewards are tangible. They can be touched, polished and displayed. Sometimes the kinds of rewards we receive cannot be placed on the coffee table, or saved in the pages of a scrapbook. Each one of you has received something this summer. With freedom, you have been able to accept the exploration you've undertaken.

There may be a wonderful by-product from your time spent here. You may be able to take the positive things that Buck's Rock has revealed about you -- the ways that this community may have changed you for the better -- and they may affect the way you manage to deal with others back home. This summer may actually have had an everlasting effect on you as a person.

It has been our pleasure to assist you in transforming your expectations for this summer into a magical reality. Hope to see you at Reunion.

Marilyn

Marilyn

Ed

Ed

Stan

Stan

Marlene

Marlene



Photo by Esther Ting



The Oak Tree 1947

Beginnings and Endings

Attempt and Fulfillment

I would like to choose my own yearbook title and if it were not too repetitious, it would read, "Beginnings and Endings". But I believe in the past, a yearbook went under this title. Should I repeat what has been used? I'd rather not. I'll choose another yearbook title for myself: "Attempt". This is what I saw you engaged in all these weeks. And this is what I admired: Your efforts, your attempts to reach the goals that you had set for yourselves. Did you succeed? You often did, but not always. You certainly tried. We all tried, individually and together. Were we fully satisfied? Sometimes. But fully? Well, hardly.

That is our fate. That is what we have in common with each other, with all the generations that preceded us, with all the generations that will follow us: Never to be fully satisfied.

Attempt! What is it? What is the invisible force that drives us, that spurs us on, to strive for the unattainable? To read what has never been written. Create what has never existed. See light where darkness reigns. Find ways in pathless wilderness. Understand the incomprehensible. Reconcile the irreconcilable. Disentangle what is twisted. Interpret what has no meaning. See hope in what seems hopeless. Imagine the unimaginable. Understand the un-understandable. Find the answers to questions that were never asked. Remember what has never occurred. Unveil the impenetrable.

Attempt! That is what we are doing. That is what you have been doing all along, often without knowing that you were doing it. That is what you have been doing, especially this summer. And that is what you'll be doing all your lives.

Why? Where is the reward in all this? I say: The reward lies in the attempt. And wonder of wonders. More often than not, you will succeed, you will accomplish what seemed impossible, you will reach goals that seemed to be unattainable. And the reward will not only lie in the attempt. The reward will lie in the unforeseen achievement, in accomplishments that will surprise you because you had not expected them. And that is what may have happened to you within the short time of a few weeks.

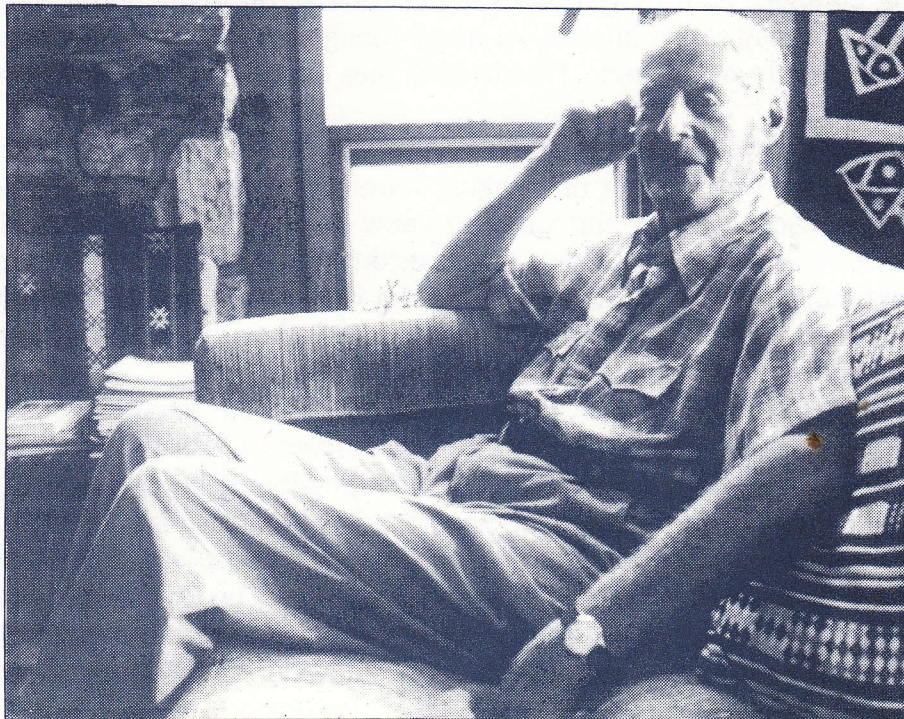


Photo by Esther Ting

And here is my wish for you: That you may be aware of a fate that you share with all humankind, a destiny that you will fulfill, each one of you in his or her own way. Attempts and Fulfillments, all will differ, no two will be alike, but all will be eminently rewarding. Attempt and Fulfillment. My own private yearbook title.

But let us go back to another yearbook title: "Beginnings". How did it start? Goethe, the greatest German poet, attempted to rewrite Genesis. This is what he said and here is my translation of what Faust thought reading the Bible:

"It's written here: In the Beginning was the 'Word'. But here I stop. Should I go on? Who helps me to proceed? I cannot rate the 'Word' so high and I must find another way to write the Script.

"But if the Spirit helps, I read: It's 'Thought' that stands at the Beginning of all Times. But think again. Weigh the first line and do not let the hasty pen rush you along. Is it the 'Thought' that works and does it all?

"No, not yet. It should be written: Power is the Source. Yet I am warned: I should not rest!

"The Spirit leads the way and suddenly I see the Light. And confidently do I write: 'Twas 'Action' that stood at the beginning of it all!"

And here's another wish for you: From Beginning to End may you discover the Synthesis. Find the Words, Apply the Thought, Muster the Strength and Transform it into Action.

The Reward will lie in the attempt. In the meantime, here is W.B. Yeat's advice:

And pluck till time and times are done

The silver apples of the moon

The golden apples of the sun.

Postscript - On a Personal Note

As I read what I have just written, I sound rather serene, or so I think. At times I am serene, although often a despairing optimist. But at other times, I am not serene -- I am angry.

What am I angry at? I am angry at Nature that is at the bottom of human existence. I am angry at the thought of death, at the thought of my death. Sometimes it seems to be rather imminent. And it is grossly unfair; it is very premature. Humans just don't live long enough. And that affects me personally. So many books unread, so much music unheard, so many sights unseen, so many thoughts not thought, so many places not visited, so many people never met. Humankind dies at a time, when it has just begun to live.

And there is curiosity. I would like to be there, when the icecaps melt, when Florida -- hopefully -- will run out of drinking water, when people will set foot on Mars, when a Hubble telescope works and we shall know how the Universe started, when men and women will be able to live without the absurdity of asking for the protection of Gods they have invented; gods who protect them and in whose names and for their greater glory (whose glory?) they have fought and killed each other and inflicted untold misery on themselves, waving bloodstained flags at each other.

Oh, so many events have just started with the outcome uncertain and will remain unknown to me. I would have liked to know the outcome. Will the expected come to pass? Will the unexpected, the improbable, the impossible become reality and when and how and if at all? The end of personal existence is very unfair and premature and George Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" remains what it was: Just a play. We have been tempted, I feel, we have been tricked by the glorious taste of being alive, of having been a survivor a number of times, only to discover that in the end we shall miss all the immeasurable bounty of all that lies ahead, good and bad, of all delights and horrors that the future will bring.

I know I should be grateful that I was not born a hundred years ago but I entertain the futile wish that 1902 was too early, that 2002 would have been better. I know I should be grateful, considering the accidental randomness of existence, that I was born at all. I know I should be grateful for all I have lived and saw and felt. But, oh, blessed and cursed curiosity, the thirst that is unquenchable.

Is life and death, beginning and end, really that unfair? Or does past life and its rewards, its victories and defeats make up for an unlived and unliveable future? Unanswerable question! At least, I don't know the answer. Will someone eventually find it? Or will everybody go on trying to find his or her own answer? Life ends with a questionmark.

May I Add Some Postscript to My Postscript

You might reject some remarks as irrelevant, incompatible with your present thinking and feeling or find others worth pondering.

Here is my second postscript:

Although one can't go back, one can always go forward. Being trusting does not mean being gullible. You can learn the subtle art -- when to speak and when it is wiser to remain silent and when to overlook what one sees clearly. You can combine gentleness with firmness, qualities that seem to exclude each other but when combined are a rare event. The strength one possesses need not deteriorate into rigidity and one can temper justice with understanding. You can be decisive but not inflexible and act with reason against unreason. You can cherish continuity, but not repetitiveness. You may be capable of being spontaneous, but deliberate enough not to rush into things just because they are new. You can preserve your sense of reality in the face of the temptation, to be carried away by one's impulses. One can accept the fact to be loved, without being driven by an overpowering need to be loved. You can solve problems yet not allow the process to become routinized. Judge every case by its merits.

I know we are wandering between two worlds -- one dead and the other not yet born. But I wish for you not to get lost in the process; make this a wandering, exciting adventure for yourself and for those around you.

And one final word about Buck's Rock, the place where you have spent the summer. I have heard it said that Buck's Rock is not what it used to be. But then, it never was. It has remained the same without ever being the same. It has maintained its character while it was changing, and it changes by remaining unchanged. You were at Buck's Rock this summer and were engaged in making this paradox less paradoxical. And we were engaged with you in that task.

Ernst

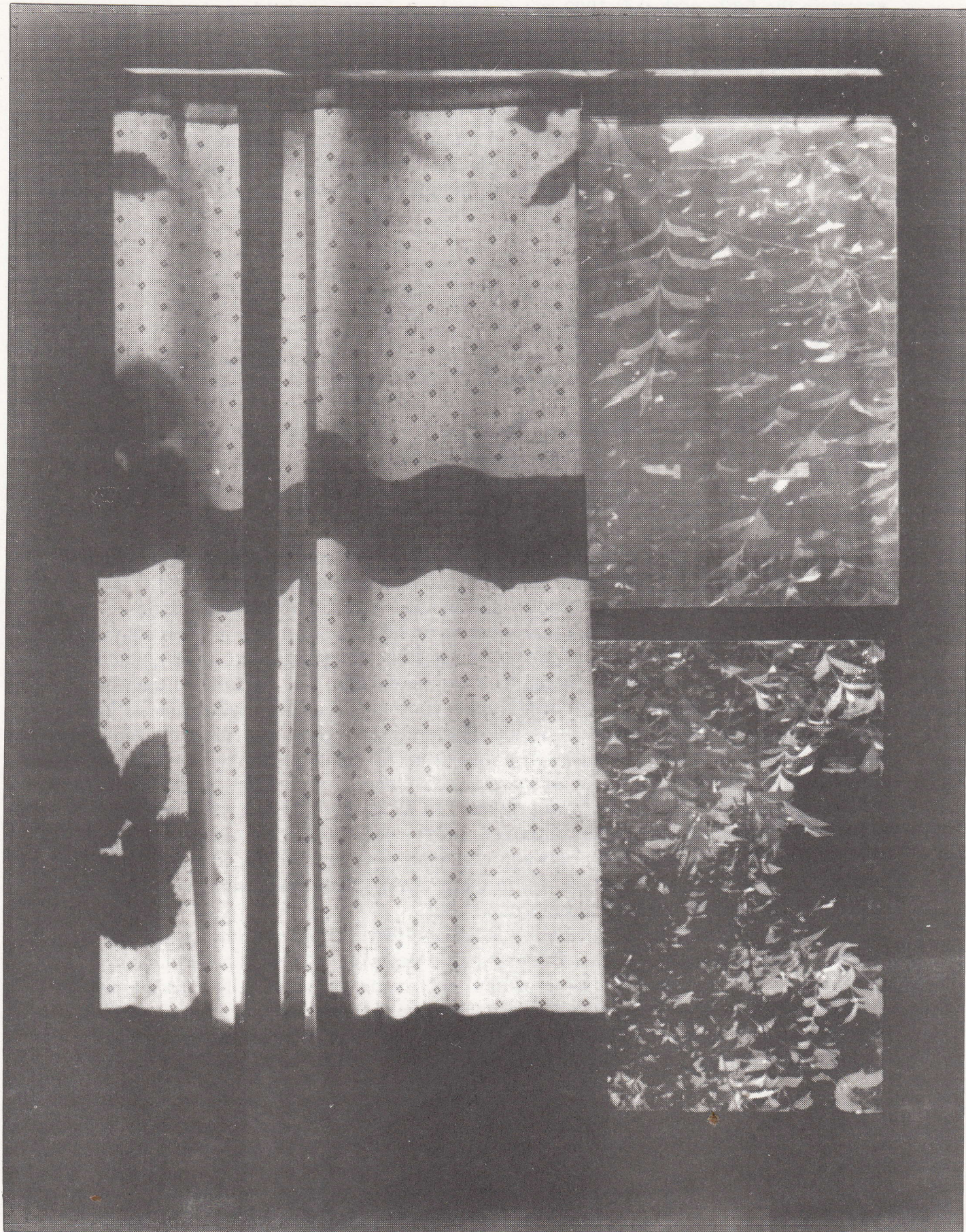


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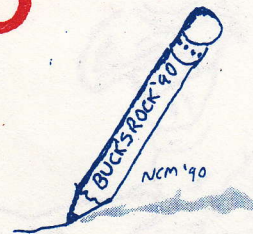
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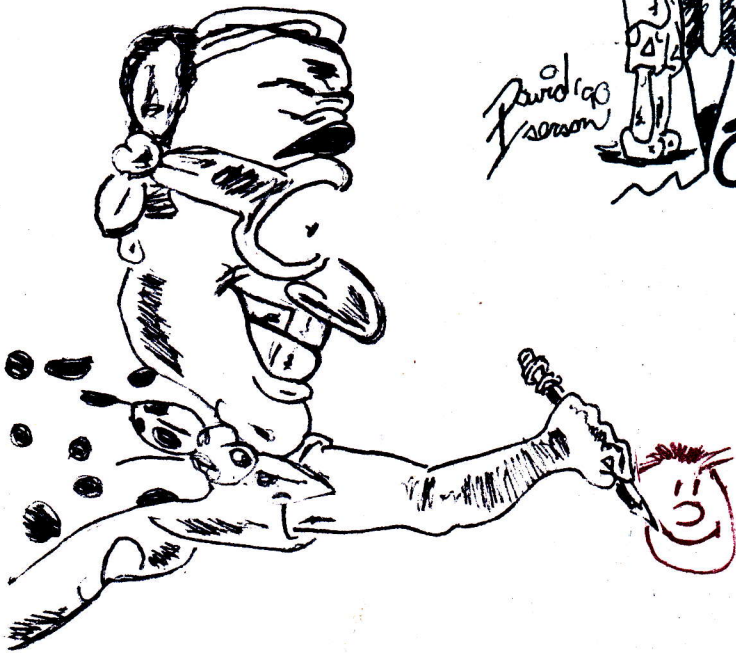


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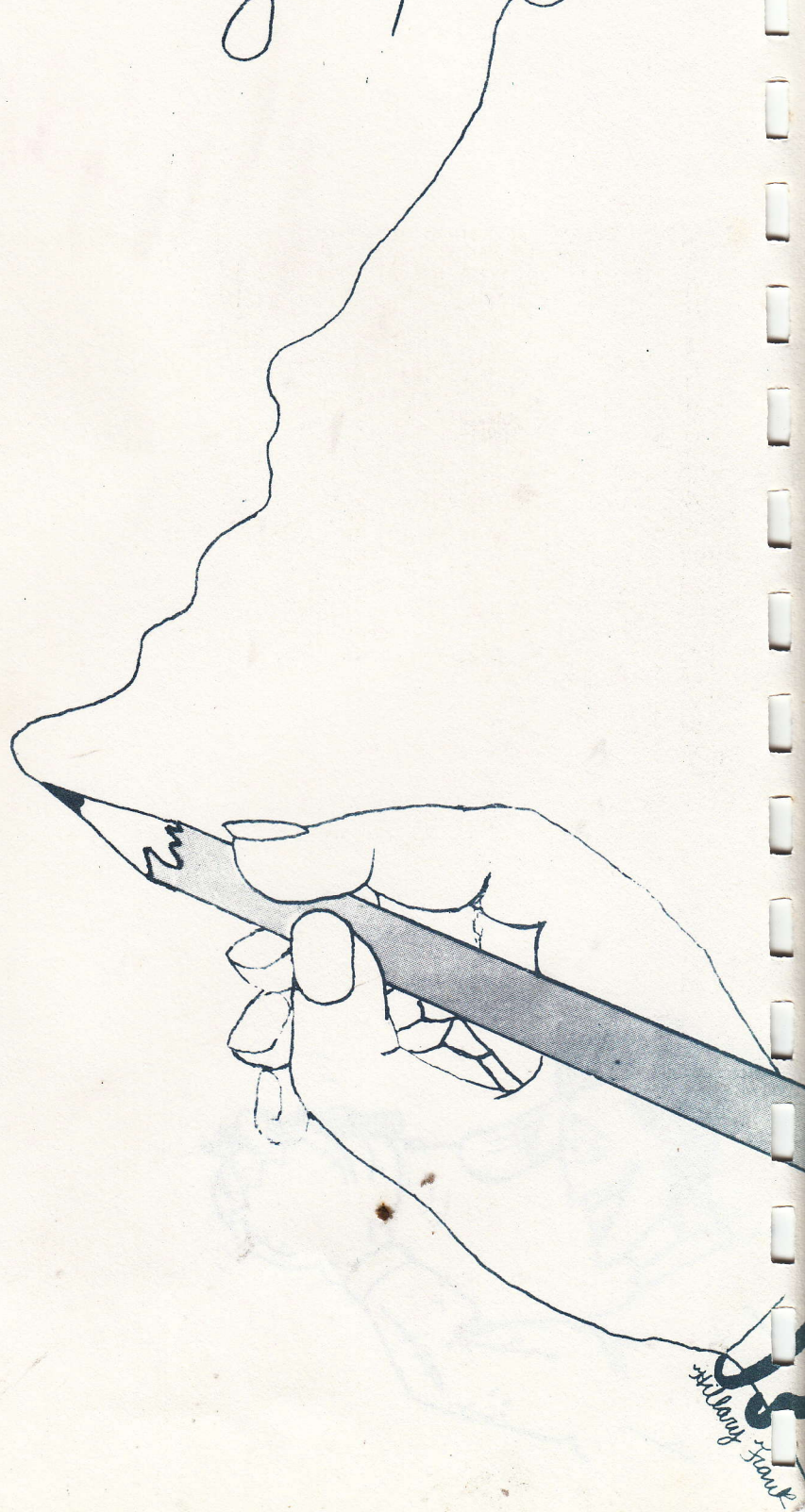
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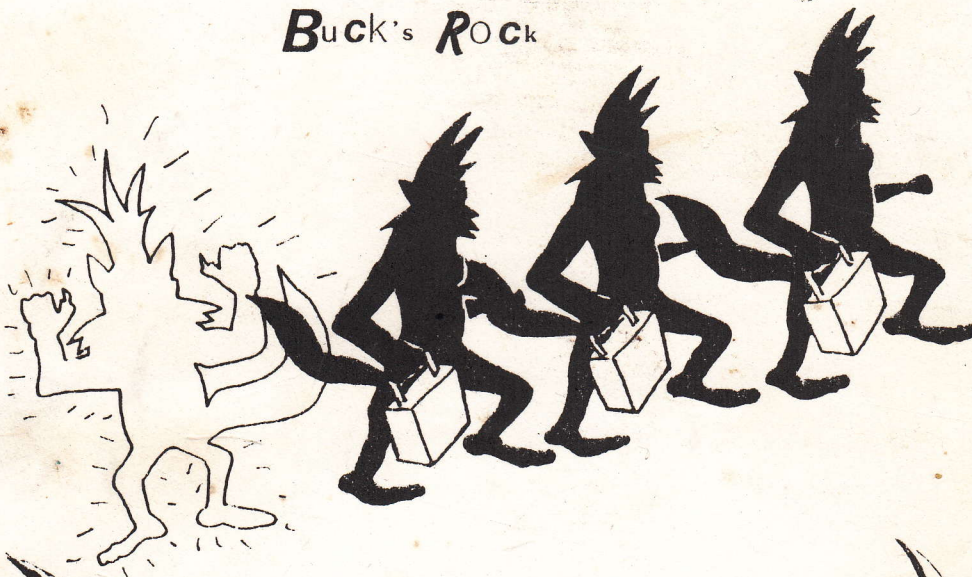


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